

THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:
 OR,
MONTHLY MUSEUM
 OF
KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

No. X.] FOR OCTOBER, 1794. [Vol. VI.

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WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

PRINTED AT BOSTON, FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
 BY EZRA W. WELD AND WILLIAM GREENOUGH,
 No. 42, CORNHILL.

Sold at JOHN WEST's Bookstore, No. 75, Cornhill, BOSTON; and by the several
 GENTLEMEN who receive Subscriptions for this WORK.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Alkmar is advised to suspend the attempt to write for the entertainment of the public till his junior year.

Proteus's communications are under consideration, future attention will be paid them.

Our Charlestown correspondent is informed, that the numbers of the *Speculator* have been omitted by necessity; our copy was mislaid; we shall continue their publication.

Lines to Olivia, too incorrect and unfinished for publication.

The Chorus—is deficient in sense as well as versification.

We solicit the favour of an ode on the close of the year from some of our poetic correspondents.

Crates's system of Education is under consideration. If he should think proper to continue his observations, we beg leave to recommend a different mode of conveyance; as communications for the magazine ought never to be taxed with heavy postage.

The *General Observer*, the *Memorialist*, and several other pieces, came too late for insertion in the present number—it is requested, that all composition intended for the Magazine, may be sent early in the month.

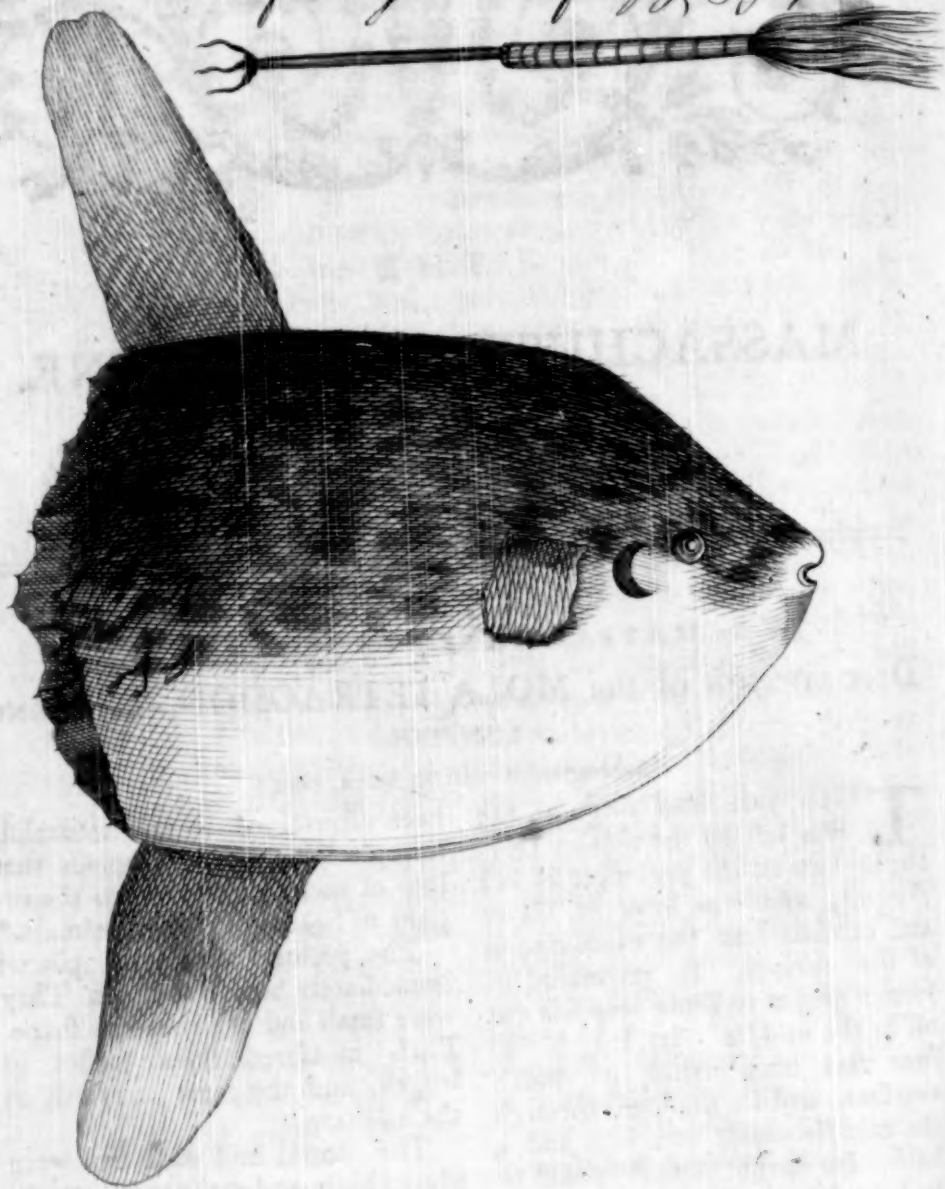
PRICES OF PUBLIC SECURITIES, BANK STOCK, &c.

October.	Six per Cents.	Three per Cents.	Defer'd Stock.	Massachus. State Notes.	U.S.B. Shares. ab. par.	Massachus. Bank Shares.	Union Bank Shares. ab. pr.	Final & L. Of. Cert. inter. fr. Jan. 1788.	Reg. Dt. with int. fr. March 4, 1789.	Indents. Int. on Loan Off.	Cet. & Reg. Dt. New Emulsion Money.	O. Emul. Mo.
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JOHN MARSTON, Stock Broker.

Malta. Mag 1794.

One of the taspels in its full size & shape.



The great Tetraodon Mola, or Sun Fish.



THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FOR OCTOBER, 1794.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION of the MOLA TETRAODON, or OBLONG
SUNFISH.

(Accompanied with an ENGRAVING.)

THIS rare and singular fish was left by the tide on Dorchester flats on the beginning of last August, and was brought ashore and exhibited to the examination of the curious. It resembled in form a bream or some deep fish cut off in the middle. Its length was four feet nine inches, its width two feet, and its thickness through the middle about one foot and a half. Its weight was supposed to be between three and four hundred pounds.

The mouth was very small; measuring only three inches over. Each jaw contained two broad teeth with sharp edges.

The eyes were placed about nine inches distant from the tip of the snout. Before each of these was a small semilunar aperture, two inches round; within which were the gills. There were several other orifices in the head, the use of which has never

been ascertained by any naturalist, though Willoughby supposes that two of them correspond to the organs of hearing in other animals.*

The pectoral fins were placed immediately behind the eyes. They were small and of a roundish shape. Each measured seven inches in length, and the same in width at the insertion.

The dorsal and anal fins were placed high, and at the very extremity of the body. Each measured two feet in length, and one in width at the insertion. The tail fin was irregularly semicircular, and filled up the whole abrupt space between them.

On each side of the fish, near the extremity, by the bottom of the larger fins, were about thirty small tassels. These were formed of a strong ligament, of the size of a large pack thread; about three inches in length, and were furnished with

* Tethylogia, p. 151.

with a tuft, or a thick pencil of hairs at the end.

The colour of the back was dusky, and dappled; the belly silvery. The fish was not coated with scales, but covered with a thick and hard skin, and rough as fagri.

I had not an opportunity of examining any of the intestines but the liver, which was large and heavy, and would probably have yielded a considerable quantity of oil. It was of a bright yellow colour.

The meat of the fish was of the most delicate whiteness; but rather rank and unfavoury. Writers on natural history say, that when boiled it has been observed to turn into a glutinous jelly, resembling starch after it is cold, and served the purposes of glue on being tried on paper and leather. The fish I am describing was preserved so long for shew that it was unfit for this experiment.

They are said to feed on shell fish.

This fish is called by Ray and others, the *Sun fish*, as being round and emitting a kind of splendor in a dark room; by others, with Rondelet, the *Moon fish*, because not only round and shining by night, but from having the shape of the crescent betwixt the pectoral fin and eye.

"But what is most remarkable in this creature, says Mr. Borlace,* is that so large a fish should have such little fins, and those mostly on its hinder parts. This is one conspicuous instance how artfully nature adapts the instruments of motion to the form of the body which is to be moved. It is so long, so thin, and flexible, that a large fin in the former part would hinder its swiftness; being itself but one thicker fin; it wafts itself forward in a great measure by the mere bending of its back from side to side, whilst its wedge-like form and sharp-pointed head easily cut their way. But the chief momentum is from behind, where the tail fin is fixed like a rudder and an oar too, reaching from top to bottom, to keep the whole body on its edge more steadily, as well as further and guide its progress. At each end of this singular appendix is a fin, the upper one raising itself above the body, and the under one tending below, it both by their spread increasing the force of these parts, co-operating with the wavy flexures of the body, and accelerating its progress, in the same manner as an oar working at the stern of a boat drives forward and directs the whole machine."

Dorchester, Octo. 1794.

* Nat. Hist. of Cornwall, p. 267.

The PILGRIM'S STORY.

[From Mrs. ROBINSON's *Varietia*.]

"MY eyes first opened to the vicissitudes of life, in the city of Avignon. My father was a general in the French service; and my mother the only offspring of her noble, but indigent parents. They were united by disinterested affection, and as their happiness

centered in each other, they were above the envy or malice of mankind. My father's fortune, though not competent to procure the luxuries of the world, was, by my mother's economy and exemplary prudence, sufficient for the enjoyment of every comfort.

"I was

"I was the only fruit of their unfulfilled attachment. My amiable mother survived but a few minutes after she gave me being. She embraced me, and clasping me to her bosom, resigned her gentle soul to endless happiness: But, alas! her helpless offspring was reserved to struggle through a wilderness of woe, the destined victim of relentless sorrow.

"My father, whose profession called him from Avignon when I was scarcely three years old, committed the care of my education to the Abbe de Versac, a distant relation of my mother. He was a man celebrated for his profound erudition and brilliant talents: He instructed my young mind in all the elegant acquirements of a scholar and a gentleman. The labours of his anxious hours were repaid by my close application to the precepts he wished to inculcate.

"My learned and enlightened tutor, was a cynic in manner, though a philanthropist in principle; his soul was replete with all the sublime sensations of pity and generosity; he considered flattery as a baleful weed, upon which fools thrive and wise men sicken. He laughed at the wretched arrogance, too often the associate of wealth, and considered the man, born to an exalted rank in life, as one, afflicted with an incurable disease, that infected all who approached him with the poison of duplicity.

"What," has he often said, "can be a more miserable situation, than that of a man who at the first dawn of reason, finds himself surrounded by slaves, subservient to his caprices, commending his follies, concealing his imperfections, and impregnating his docile mind with the absurd idea, that because he is highly born he is virtuously

supreme! The poor and unprotected mechanic, toils on, from youth to age, with industry and humility for his only associates; he dreads a deviation from the paths of rectitude, because he knows he has no title, but his good name; he is taught to examine his own heart, and correct its errors; because he moves in a sphere, where truth is not hoodwinked by interest, or fulsome applause extorted from the trembling tongue of fear: He has no ermined robe to guard him from the blasts of reproach; no dazzling mask to hide him from the prying eye of justice; he cannot, like the possessor of worldly power, laugh at the pointing finger of scorn, and trample on the vassal, whom nature formed his equal! "Know," said he "my little pupil, you are born the proudest work of your Creator! He has given you faculties to support the dignity of your birthright, and intrepidity of soul, to stem the overwhelming torrents of insolent oppression. Look to yourself for superiority, and from every example of fallen depravity, extract a lesson of morality. Flatter not the weaknesses of the base and degraded, neither meanly withhold the tribute of applause, where the perfections of the heart demand it of you; above all, remember you are a human being! endowed with intellects, and placed in a garden of luxuriant blessings, that only require your hand to cultivate them for your use and pleasure."

"Such were the precepts of Abbe de Versac; my observations through a life of perplexing vicissitudes, have invariably convinced me of their truth and propriety.

"At the age of seventeen I had acquired a competent knowledge of the classics, and had already composed many successful pieces in imitation

imitation of the Greek and Latin poets. The rocks of Vaucluse, consecrated by the inspiration of the Muses had often echoed with my matin song, and the celestial form of the immortal Laura, frequently blessed in visionary dreams the slumbers of the evening!

"I felt rapt, inspired, as I traversed the deep valley, or mused beneath the laurelled bower, dedicated to love and virtue! I wandered on the margin of the shallow rivulets that were once dear to the faithful Petrarch; their murmurs soothed my pensive heart; and as I dropped a tear upon their bubbling surface, I experienced the conscious delight of having paid the tender tribute due to his memory and his sorrows! Often did I cast my listless form upon the sod made sacred by the footsteps of the wandering lover. These were my happy moments—transient indeed they were, for they now almost appear to have been the phantoms of a bewildered fancy. The subduing hand of misery has nearly erased the very shadows of my early hours; the bright delusions of youth's glowing day are sunk in cold oblivion, as the glorious sun sets in the border of the dark and troubled ocean!

"Filled with romantic inspiration, my mind was softened like the tempered wax, and ready to receive the tenderest impressions.

"In the vicinity of Avignon, beneath the shades of an embowering wood, devotion had long performed her sacred orison at the monastery of saint Teresa; the lofty walls were inaccessible, except on the fifteenth of June; when, at the celebration of the Fete de Dieu, the grates were thrown open, and every eye was permitted to view the solemn ceremony of the high mass.

"Curiosity, more than zeal, led me to be a spectator: The holy sisters arranged in the chapel of the convent, sung their choral anthems, replete with seraphic harmony; the vaulted arches repeated the thrilling sounds, while the fumes of heavenly incense curled around a thousand quivering tapers. Among the vestals, my every sense was fascinated by one, whose beauty far surpassed all I had yet conceived of mortal woman! A sweet melancholy gave inexpressible softness to features exquisitely regular, and the meek blush of unaffected modesty heightened a complexion beauteous and glowing as the rays of morning. Her age pronounced her but newly initiated in holy duties, and her every look declared she was formed for that world from which she was secluded, in the deep and cheerless gloom of monastic apathy. I gazed upon her with a devotion more warm, more chaste, than even piety itself could have suggested. Her eye encountered mine. I fancied a thousand childish things; my earnest attention seemed to perplex her; the crucifix fell from her trembling hand; she rose and left the chapel.

"I returned to Avignon. The image of this peerless angel never forsook me; I beheld her in my midnight slumbers; her voice vibrated on my enraptured ear, and awoke me to all the agonies of despair. Often did I wander, when the sun sunk beneath the horizon, to watch its last beam that illuminated the vanes of her lonely habitation. Often did I listen whole hours beneath the hated walls that enclosed the treasure of my soul, to catch the distant and imperfect sound of the holy evening song. I fancied I could distinguish her voice from every other, and my heart

heart panted sadly responsive to every swelling note.

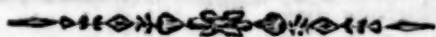
"I remained several months in this state of perfect wretchedness, when an accident opened to my distracted mind a gleam of transitory comfort. The Abbe de Verfac, disgusted with the depravity of mankind, having entered into the most rigid state of holy bondage, was frequently employed in the pious office of confessor to the Nuns of Saint Teresa. A sudden indisposition prevented his usual attendance, I embraced the opportunity that presented itself; and, in the habit of a monk, bore to the abbess of the convent a letter, containing a specious recommendation of myself, deputing me as worthy of the sacred confidence. I was readily admitted into the cell of ghostly admonition, and fortune directed the heavenly Louisa to the footstool of contrition!

"The purity of her life scarcely left her a single error to acknowledge; my penance was as gentle as her soul was spotless: I requested her to peruse a lesson I had written for her, and to abide by the injunctions it contained; she thanked me,

then with the voice of meekness and humility, implored my benediction, and departed.

"My safety required that I should instantly withdraw from the sacred walls, lest the imposition should be detected, and at once destroy my reputation and my hopes. The transaction was soon made public, and I frequently heard eternal vengeance denounced against the daring perpetrator of so vile a fraud. The abbess offered an immense reward for apprehending the sacrilegious hypocrite, and every tongue united to condemn me. My letter acquainted her of my name, quality, and fortune; which, by my father's death, was not inconsiderable; I implored her compassion for my sufferings, and earnestly requested her decisive answer. I told her, in the language of despair, that nothing should induce me to survive her resentment, and concluded my frantic prayer by informing her that I should watch ten successive nights beneath the walls that immured her, to receive the fiat of my irrecoverable destiny.

(To be continued.)



CONSIDERATIONS addressed to the FAIR SEX.

WHILE I view the irresistible charms of the fair sex in general, their symmetrical features, their animated countenances, the graces of their divine persons, and the mild complacency of their manners: I yet cannot forget, amid the contemplation of these perfections, that the beauties of their persons will not palliate the defects of their minds. Beauty is but of short duration. Virtue alone is of a permanent nature; that teaches us

moderation in prosperity, fortitude in adversity, and even excites homage from the vicious. Conscious, then, of the truth of this assertion, nothing can more excite my astonishment than the melancholy reflection that incredible numbers incessantly deviate from the paths of virtue, which are the only real paths of pleasantness, to tread those of vice, which, after many perplexed windings, involve them in a labyrinth of perpetual misery.

The

The diversified amusements which continually engage the attention of the fair, although they are of a volatile nature, may yet be tempered with discretion, and, in lieu of operating as incentives to vice, be rendered entirely innocent, and even beneficial. By a rigid adherence to rectitude, we are not to understand an exclusion of mirth. Innocent festivity gives a relish to life, and vivacity in a female is a charm universally acknowledged and felt. Let not this, however, be indulged at another's expense. Even women of sense are too frequently addicted to the pernicious vice of detraction—a vice which, if encouraged in the smallest degree, gains imperceptibly a greater influence, until it ultimately biases the judgment. By attempting to depreciate the good qualities of another, we by no means enhance our own. The failings of an individual will excite compassion in a generous mind, and not an accumulation of bitter reproaches.

There are many sprightly girls who, corrupted by the irreligious deportment of a coquette, fall insen-

sibly into the same error. Religion in females, far from depreciating them in the eyes of the world, will, on the contrary, endear them to every person endowed with sense and judgment. Let my fair readers try the experiment, and a little experience will shew them the truth of my remark. It is not the decorations of dress, the airs of coquetry, or the animated glance of the eye, that can secure them happiness:—these may for some time procure adulation, and flatter the vanity of the person who receives it; but unless the mental faculties are duly cultivated, and our hopes are solidly erected on the permanent base of virtue, misery must be our portion; and, when we come to look back on our past life, remorse and sorrow will rend our souls, while we reflect on the folly and futility of our conduct when it is too late for a compensation to be made. Therefore, let both the fair, and those who have less claim to boast of their personal charms, reflect on the folly of dissipation and vice; and, while they remark the defects of others, be careful to amend their own.



MARRIAGE RITES in MODERN GERMANY.

THEIR women in general are of a tolerable complexion, but more corpulent than the rest of their neighbours, except the Netherlanders. They are very obsequious to their husbands, have less command in their houses than English or French woman, and are not allowed the upper end of the table. They account it rude to salute any woman with a kiss, except they have been brad in such countries where it is practised; so that their way of

greeting is by a mutual touch of the hand.

Their marriages and funerals are very expensive, so that sometimes an ordinary man is scarce able to recover the charge of his father's funeral, or of his own wedding in seven years. The entertainment frequently lasts a month, during which they keep open house, and send the bell-man about to invite all their neighbours, who usually send in wine or some other provisions.

ESSAY

ESSAY on CUNNING.

IT has been considered by moralists as an excellent piece of justice in the general dispensation of things in this sublunary world, that covetousness, which is one of the most odious of all vices, carries its own punishment along with it. The Romans were so sensible of this, that to be wretched and covetous were synonymous terms in their language; but moral writers in general have inadvertently set a brand upon this vice as the only one in the long catalogue of human failings that in this obvious manner punishes and avenges the world of itself; since there is another criminal quality of the mind equally odious, and equally pernicious to society, and which likewise carries its own punishment with it; this is that species of art, which we, to distinguish it from prudence, whose form it assumes, commonly call *Cunning*. The vulgar often mistake this shadow of wisdom for the substance; and the base successful villain is too often said to have raised himself to honours and riches by his wisdom and prudence.

The event, however, usually distinguishes these as it crowns all other actions; and the world as seldom fails to see the short continuance of the benefits produced from dishonest *Cunning*, as the unfading duration of those which are the rewards of honest wisdom: The wise and good, while they are rising gradually to fame or honour, would have all the praises justly bestowed on them in the end, doubled in the progress of their pursuits, could the world see every step by which they rose; while the dark scenes of villainy, by which the cunning man has made his way to greatness and affluence, could any one of them

be fully laid open, he must fall the victim of the foul discovery. Men are but men, and great crimes cannot be perpetrated alone; the secret is safe enough in the hands of the master knave; but the accomplices in black deeds, having less reward, often discover the whole; and the smallest part alone being sufficient to prove fatal to the exalted and seemingly happy chief, his continual apprehensions of such a catastrophe, and his alarms on the least coolness or distance of his companions in iniquity, keep suspicion constantly awake, and plant daggers every hour in his wretched heart.

History has given us a thousand instances of this in high life, and daily experience furnishes a thousand more in every rank and order of men in society: Nor is the misery less even in the breast of the most successful of the race of cunning sharpers, who escape external punishment, and in the world's eye, make a happy exit after a very long life. The fear of that which might have happened every day, though fortunately for him it never came to pass, must have kept him in continual anguish, and length of life must have been to him a painful duration of torture. How wretched must be that greatness, which it is in the power of the meanest dependent to destroy, which the possessor knows he is not secure of one day after another! How embittered the enjoyment of ample fortune amassed by low *Cunning*, which constantly implies fraud, by the fear of being obliged by legal means to make restitution of ill-gotten wealth! How immense then is the difference between greatness acquired by honest wisdom, and that which is purchased by this mean vice!

The highest and the lowest of the people have their share of *Cunning*, and very often are undistinguished in the events of it. Sometimes both flourish long, and sometimes blind chance performs the office of judge and executioner, and punishes both on the spot, in the very act of villainy. The subtle Spaniard, who seeing great part of the wealth of Peru falling into his father's coffers, and who eager to succeed to him in an office of such emolument, bribed his mistress to poison him, and then stabbed her to prevent discovery, was scarce seated in his place, when a popular commotion arose, his house was beset, and in a few minutes he was torn to pieces.

The Egyptian annals on the contrary, present us a very romantic history of *Cunning*, successful through a series of events, and long mistaken even by the person injured, for wisdom, but the final issue proved it to be otherwise.

RHAMPFINITUS had accumulated a greater store of wealth than any of the kings of Egypt; his predecessors, and being desirous to deposit it in some secure place, he commanded a treasury to be built for that purpose. The architect of this work placed one of the stones so artfully, that it might be taken out and put in again by one man, intending to share the riches of the place. But, about the time that the treasure was lodged in it, he was taken ill, and finding himself at the point of death, he sent for his two sons, declared to them the whole artifice, and gave them the most exact directions for the management of the business. The father died, and the sons, impatient to take advantage of the discovery, repaired soon after to the treasury; and having with great ease removed the stone, carried off a great sum, and repeated the

theft every night. Rhampfinitus going to view his stores, found a visible diminution of his treasure, and was the more surprised as the seal on the door was whole. The two brothers successively continued their nocturnal pilferings, till the king perfectly sensible that his wealth decreased very fast, ordered snares to be set round the vessels that contained the money. The next time the two brothers came, one of them was caught in the snare near a vessel of silver, and finding it impossible to get loose, he earnestly entreated his brother to come in and cut off his head, that he might prevent a discovery and save his own life. The brother, reluctantly, yielding to the necessity of the case, complied with his request, and putting the stone in its place again, took away the head. The king went the next morning to see if his project had produced any effect, and finding a man in the snare without a head, he was so astonished, that he hurried out in the greatest confusion; but as soon as he was recovered from his surprise, he ordered the body to be exposed to publick view, charging the guard to observe the countenances of the spectators, and to bring before him all such persons as appeared to be affected at the spectacle. The mother of the deceased threatened her surviving son, if he did not procure his brother's body to be interred, that she would inform the king who had robbed him. The young man finding it in vain to remonstrate on the impracticability of complying with her request, at length gratified her by the following cunning stratagem. He loaded a number of mules with skins of wine, and driving them to the place where the body was exposed, as soon as he reached the guards, he privately opened one of the skins,

skins, and striking his breast, when the wine began to run out, counterfeited the grief of a man utterly undone. The soldiers in the mean time strove to save the liquor for themselves, which he seeing, reviled them for the pleasure they took in his misfortunes, instead of offering him any assistance; but upon their speaking to him fair, he pretended to be pacified, and in the end offered to give them the remainder of the wine; upon this they gathered round him, and pressed him to stay and partake of it, he readily complied, and when they wanted more, opened another skin, till in the end, they became so intoxicated, that he found means to steal away the body in the dead of the night, while they were asleep, and having fastened it across one of his mules, he shaved the left cheek of each soldier, by way of derision, and then made the best of his way home.

The news of this adventure reached the palace early in the morning, and afforded fresh matter of wonder to the incensed king. Determined, if possible, to find out the cunning thief, he ordered his daughter, a beautiful princess, to submit to the embraces of every person promiscuously, in a certain apartment, but under this restriction, that she should previously require from each a confession of the most ingenious, and the most wicked actions of their lives. The young man was the first who accepted of these conditions, but resolved to perplex the king more and more: He procured the arm of a dead body quite

fresh, and concealing it under his cloak, he boldly entered the apartment of the princess, and being interrogated by her, confessed, that the most wicked action he had ever committed was cutting off his brother's head in the treasury, and the most ingenious was stealing the body from the guard. The princess upon this discovery attempted to secure him, but he presented to her the dead arm, which she grasped for his, and taking to his heels, he escaped by favour of the night.

The king's rage being now converted into admiration of the boldness and ingenuity of the man, he ordered it to be proclaimed through every street, that if the person would discover himself, he should not only be pardoned but rewarded. The young man confiding in the royal word, went to the palace and presented himself to the king, who declared, he thought him superior in wisdom to any man then living, and as a reward gave him his daughter in marriage.

But mark the end! Successful Cunning, like avarice, is never satisfied: He could not stop here, but imagining that the same wicked ingenuity and audacity which had raised him thus high, would advance him one step higher, he formed a plot for murdering the generous king, in order to succeed him on the throne; a slave betrayed him, and excruciating tortures, too horrid for relation, put an end to a life, whose prosperity had not its source in virtue or true wisdom.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

CHASTITY: A Remarkable Story.

THUANUS relates a beautiful example of chastity, and of an uncommon return to a sense of

honour. In 1578, during the civil wars in the Low Countries, one of the Spanish officers would have forced

forced the daughter of an advocate of Lisle, at whose house he lodged. This young person, in defending herself, seized the poniard of her ravisher, plunged it in his bosom, and instantly fled. The Captain, perceiving his wound to be mortal, called for a confessor, and, impressed with the deepest remorse, entreated his attendants to bring this virtuous young woman to him. "I earnestly implore you," says he, "to pardon my atrocious attempt. To make you all the reparation in my power, I now declare myself your husband. Since my crime and your virtue have rendered it impossible for me to be united to such excellence, receive, at least, with my

name, the rights of my wife to all my fortune. Let those who shall be informed of the violence I would have committed learn, at the same time, that, by an honourable marriage, I have expiated my odious attempt to dishonour you, and have recompensed the courage with which you have defended yourself." On finishing these words, the noble Spaniard, with the consent of her father, and in presence of his confessor, espoused the virgin. He expired soon after; leaving all in doubt which most to admire—the magnanimity with which he had atoned for his crime, or the courage which the virtuous girl had displayed in the defence of her honour.



GREAT FIRE in Moscow.

IN 1713, there happened a great and dreadful fire, which consumed the greatest part of the city, especially the wooden houses; the fire broke out in a maiden monastery without the town, and a strong west wind blew the fire upon the city, which set it all on a blaze: The only method they use, to stop the progress of a fire, is, by pulling down houses at a distance before it, as it is impossible to use fire-engines; the streets being all of timber, burn at the same time with the houses. On this occasion, a poor superstitious man seeing the fire advancing to consume his all, took a picture of St. Nicholas, and holding it between him and the fire, prayed fervently for that Saint's protection, but in vain, for the flames soon seized his house, for which he became so enraged at the Saint that he threw him into the fire, saying, since he would not save him, he might now save himself: This coming to the ears of the clergy, the

poor man was sentenced to be burnt alive. All the brick buildings, such as churches, and other religious houses, noblemen, and gentlemen's houses, escaped this conflagration, only the roofs of the latter were burnt without being otherwise damaged, for all the houses of three or four stories high are arched to the top, and their street doors and window shutters are of iron.

An instance of the superstition of the people, and power of the clergy, happened sometime before this fire. A young man, whom the Czar had sent to Leyden for his education, having finished his studies in physic, returned a graduated physician, and at a merry meeting with his friends, they questioned him concerning his religion: He being then in his cups, told them, he was as much of the Greek church as ever, but that he had lost all his faith in Saints' pictures, and to prove what he said, he took one down from the wall, and threw it in the fire; whereupon he

was

was immediately seized, and put into the hands of the clergy, who very soon sentenced him to the flames, and burnt him in a most cruel manner; laying the fire at some distance from him to keep him the longer in torment. The Czar, being informed of the cruelty of the clergy, as he had formerly abolished the dignity of patriarch, took this opportunity to deprive them of the power of life and death, and made a law that all the clergy should apply themselves to study, allowing them five years for that end; after which they were to undergo an examination, and those who were found capable to perform their functions were to be promoted, the others to be discarded. And as three fourth parts of the year were holidays in commemoration of some Saint or other, whereby the people were for

the most part idle, he made a law that no holiday should be kept but in commemoration of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, the twelve Apostles, and St. Andrew, and St. Nicholas, the tutelar Saints of Russia. And as there were in the empire many thousand convents full of lazy monks, who lived in idleness, he restricted the number of these houses to fifty, each house to contain no more than fifty monks, each monk to be above forty years of age; the rest of them to be appropriated to hospitals for such of the army and navy as were become unfit for service, and other indigent persons not able to maintain themselves; and their revenues for their support: And the monks who had been bred to no handicraft, and were fit for service, to be employed in the army.

The OBSERVER.

[By Mr. CUMBERLAND.]

AMONGST the variety of human events, which come under the observation of every man of common experience in life, many instances must occur to his memory of the false opinions he had formed of good and evil fortune! Things which we lament as the most unhappy occurrences and the severest dispensations of Providence, frequently turn out to have been vouchsafements of a contrary sort; whilst our prosperity and success, which for a time delight and dazzle us with gleams of pleasure, and visions of ambition, turn against us in the end of life, and sow the bed of death with thorns, that goad us in those awful moments, when the vanities of this world lose their value, and the mind of man being on its last departure, takes a melancholy re-

view of time mispent, and blessings misapplied.

Though it is part of every good man's religion to resign himself to God's will, yet a few reflections upon the worldly wisdom of that duty will be of use to every one, who falls under the immediate pressure of what is termed misfortune in life. By calling to mind the false estimates we have frequently made of worldly good and evil we shall get hope on our side, which, though all friends else should fail us, will be a cheerful companion by the way: By a patient acquiescence under painful events for the present, we shall be sure to contract a tranquillity of temper that will stand us in future stead; and by keeping a fair face to the world we shall by degrees make an easy heart, and find innumerable

merable resources of consolation, which a fretful spirit never can discover.

I wonder why I was so uneasy under my late loss of fortune, said a very worthy gentleman to me the other day, seeing it was not occasioned by my own misconduct; for the health and content I now enjoy in the humble station I have retired to, are the greatest blessings of my life, and I am devoutly thankful for the event, which I deplored.—

How often do we hear young unmarried people exclaim—What an escape have I had from such a man, or such a woman!—And yet perhaps they had not wisdom enough to suppose this might turn out to be the case at the time it happened, but complained, lamented, and reviled, as if they were suffering persecution from a cruel and tyrannic Being, who takes pleasure in tormenting his unoffending creatures.

An extraordinary example occurs to me of this criminal excess of sensibility in the person of a Frenchman named Chaubert, who happily lived long enough to repent of the extravagance of his misanthropy. Chaubert was born at Bourdeaux, and died there not many years ago in the Franciscan convent; I was in that city soon after this event, and my curiosity led me to collect several particulars relative to this extraordinary humorist. He inherited a good fortune from his parents, and in his youth was of a benevolent disposition, subject however to sudden caprices and extremes of love and hatred. Various causes are assigned for his misanthropy, but the principal disgust, which turned him furious against mankind, seems to have arisen from the treachery of a friend, who ran away with his mistress, just when Chaubert was on the point of mar-

rying her; the ingratitude of this man was certainly of a very black nature, and the provocation heinous, for Chaubert, whose passions were always in extremes, had given a thousand instances of romantic generosity to this unworthy friend, and reposed an entire confidence in him in the matter of his mistress: He had even saved him from drowning one day at the imminent risque of his life, by leaping out of his own boat into the Garonne and swimming to the assistance of his, when it was sinking in the middle of the stream: His passion for his mistress was no less vehement: So that his disappointment had every aggravation possible, and, operating upon a nature more than commonly susceptible, reversed every principle of humanity in the heart of Chaubert, and made him for the greatest part of his life the declared enemy of human nature.

After many years passed in foreign parts he was accidentally brought to his better senses by discovering that through these events, which he had so deeply repented, he had providentially escaped from miseries, of the most fatal nature: Thereupon he returned to his own country, and entering into the order of Franciscans, employed the remainder of his life in atoning for his past errors after the most exemplary manner. On all occasions of distress Father Chaubert's zeal presented itself to the relief and comfort of the unfortunate, and sometimes he would enforce his admonitions of resignation by the lively picture he would draw of his own extravagancies; in extraordinary cases he has been known to give his communicants a transcript or diary in his own hand-writing of certain passages of his life, in which he had minutely his thoughts at the time they

they occurred, and which he kept by him for such extraordinary purposes. This paper was put into my hands by a gentleman who had received much benefit from this good father's conversation and instruction; I had his leave for transcribing it, or publishing, if I thought fit; this I shall now avail myself of, as I think it is a very curious journal.

"My son, whoever thou art, profit by the words of experience, and let the example of Chaubert, who was a beast without reason, and is become a man by repentance, teach thee wisdom in adversity and inspire thy heart with sentiments of resignation to the will of the Almighty!

"When the treachery of people, which I ought to have despised, had turned my heart to marble and my blood to gall, I was determined upon leaving France and seeking out some of those countries, from whose famished inhabitants nature withholds her bounty and where men groan in slavery and sorrow! As I passed through the villages towards the frontiers of Spain, and saw the peasants dancing in a ring to the pipe or carousing at their vintages, indignation smote my heart, and I wished that heaven would dash their cups with poison, or blast the sunshine of their joys with hail and tempest.

"I traversed the delightful province of Biscay without rest to the soles of my feet or sleep to the temples of my head. Nature was before my eyes dressed in her gayest attire:—Thou mother of fools, I exclaimed, why dost thou trick thyself out so daintily for knaves and harlots to make a property of thee? The children of thy womb are vipers in thy bosom, and will sting thee mortally, when thou hast given them their fill at thy improvident

breasts.—The birds chaunted in the groves, the fruit-trees glistened on the mountain sides, the water falls made music for the echoes, and man went singing to his labour:—Give me, said I, the clank of fetters and the yell of galley-slaves under the lashes of the whip—and in the bitterness of my heart I cursed the earth, as I trode over its prolific surface.

"I entered the ancient kingdom of Castile, and the prospect was a recreation to my sorrow-vexed soul: I saw the lands lie waste and fallow; the vines trailed on the ground and buried their fruitage in the furrows; the hand of man was idle, and nature slept as in the cradle of creation; the villages were thinly scattered, and ruin sat upon the unroofed sheds, where lazy pride laid stretched upon its straw in beggary and vermin. Ah! this is something, I cried out, this scene is fit for man, and I'll enjoy it.—I saw a yellow half-starved form, cloaked to the heels in rags, his broad-brimmed beaver on his head, through which his staring locks crept out in squalid shreds, that fell like snakes upon the shoulders of a fiend—Such ever be the fate of human nature! I'll aggravate his misery by the insult of charity. Harkye, Castilian, I exclaimed, take this pistette! it is coin, it is silver from the mint of Mexico; a Spaniard dug it from the mine, a Frenchman gives it you: Put by your pride and touch it!—Curst be your nation, the Castilian replied, I'll starve before I'll take it from your hands.—Starve then, I answered, and passed on.

"I climbed a barren mountain; the wolves howled in the desert, and the vultures screamed in flocks for prey; I looked, and beheld a gloomy mansion underneath my feet, vast as the pride of its founder,
gloomy

gloomy and disconsolate as his soul ; it was the Escorial.—Here then the tyrant reigns, said I, here let him reign ; hard as these rocks his throne, walks as these deserts be his dominion !—A meagre creature passed me ; famine stared in his eye, he cast a look about him, and sprung upon a kid, that was browsing in the desert, he smote it dead with his staff, and hastily thrust it into his wallet.—Ah, sacrilegious villain !—cried a brawny fellow ; and, leaping on him from behind a rock, seized the hungry wretch in the act ; he dropped upon his knees and begged for mercy—Mercy ! cried he that seized him, do you purloin the property of the church and ask for mercy ? Take it !—So saying, he beat him to the earth with a blow, as he was kneeling at his feet, and then dragged him towards the convent of Saint Lawrence : I could have hugged the miscreant for the deed.

“ I held my journey through the desert, and desolation followed me to the very streets of Madrid ; the fathers of the inquisition came forth from the cells of torture, the cross was elevated before them, and a trembling wretch in a saffron-coloured vest, painted with flames of fire, was dragged to execution in an open square ; they kindled a fire about him, and sang praises to God, whilst the flames deliberately consumed their human victim : He was a Jew who suffered, they were Christians who tormented.—See what the religion of God is, said I to myself, in the hands of man !

“ From the gates of Madrid I bent my course towards the port of Lisbon ; as I traversed the wilderness of Estremadura, a robber took his aim at me from behind a cork-tree, and the ball grazed my hat upon my head.—You have missed

your aim, I cried, and have lost the merit of destroying a man—Give me your purse, said the robber.—Take it, I replied, and buy with it a friend, may it serve you as it has served me !

“ I found the city of Lisbon in ruins ; her foundations smoked upon the ground ; the dying and the dead laid in heaps ; terror sat in every visage, and mankind was visited with the plagues of the Almighty, famine, fire, and earthquake—Have they not the inquisition in this country ? I asked ; I was answered they had.—And do they make all this outcry about an earthquake ? said I within myself, let them give God thanks and be quiet.

“ Presently there came ships from England, loaded with all manner of goods for the relief of the inhabitants ; the people took the bounty, were preserved, then turned and cursed their preservers for heretics.—This is as it should be, said I, these men act up to their nature, and the English are a nation of fools ; I will not go amongst them.—After a short time behold a new city was rising on the ruins of the old one ! The people took the builders tools, which the English had sent them, and made themselves houses : I overheard a fellow at his work say to his companion—Before the earthquake I made my bed in the streets, now I shall have a house to live in. This is too much, said I ; their misfortunes make this people happy, and I will stay no longer in their country—I descended to the banks of the Tagus ; there was a ship, whose canvass was loosed for sailing.—She is an English ship, says a Galliego porter ; they are brave seamen, but damned tyrants on the quarter deck.—They pay well for what they have, says a boatman, and I am going on board her

her with a cargo of lemons.—I threw myself into the wherry, and entered the ship: The mariners were occupied with their work, and nobody questioned me why I was amongst them. The tide wafted us into the ocean and the night became tempestuous, the vessel laboured in the sea and the morning brought no respite to our toil.—Whither are you bound? said I to the master.—To hell, said he, for nothing but the devil ever drove at such a rate!—The fellow's voice was thunder; the sailors sung in the storm, and the master's oaths were louder than the waves; the third day was a dead calm, and he swore louder than ever.—If the winds were of this man's making, thought I, he would not be content with them.—A favourable breeze sprung up as if it had come at his calling.—I thought it was coming, says he, put her before the wind, it blows fair for our port.—But where is your port? again I asked him. Sir, says he, I can now answer your question as I should do; with God's leave I am bound to Bourdeaux; every thing at sea goes as it pleases God.—My heart sunk at the name of my native city. I was freighted, added he, from London, with a cargo of goods of all sorts for the poor sufferers by the earthquake; I shall load back with wine for my owners, and so help out a charitable voyage with some little profit, if it please God to bless our endeavours.—Heyday! thought I, how fair weather changes this fellow's note!—Lewis, said he to a handsome youth, who stood at his elbow, we will now seek out this Monsieur Chaubert at Bourdeaux, and get payment of his bills on your account.—Shew me your bills, said I, for I am Chaubert.—He produced them, and I saw my own

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name forged to bills in favour of the villain who had so treacherously dealt with me in the affair of the woman who was to have been my wife.—Where is the wretch, said I, who drew these forgeries?—The youth burst into tears.—He is my father, he replied, and turned away.—Sir, says the master, I am not surprised to find this fellow a villain to you, for I was once a trader in affluence, and have been ruined by his means and reduced to what you see me; I can earn a maintenance, and am as happy in my present hard employ, nay happier than when I was rich and idle; but to defraud his own son proves him an unnatural rascal, and, if I had him here, I would hang him at the mizen yard.

“When the English master declared he was happier in his present hard service than in his former prosperity, and that he forgave the villain who had ruined him, I started with astonishment, and stood out of his reach, expecting every moment when his phrensy would break out; I looked him steadily in the face, and to my surprise saw no symptoms of madness; there was no wandering in his eyes, and content of mind was impressed upon his features.—Are you in your senses, I demanded, and can you forgive the villain?—From my heart, answered he, else how should I expect to be forgiven?—His words struck me dumb; my heart tugged at my bosom; the blood rushed to my face. He saw my situation and turned aside to give some orders to the sailors; after some minutes he resumed the conversation, and advancing towards me, in his rough familiar manner, said—It is my way, Mr. Chaubert, to forgive and forget, though to be sure the fellow deserves hanging for his

his treatment of his poor boy his son, who is as good a lad as ever lived, but as for father and mother—Who is his mother? What was her name? I eagerly demanded. Her name had no sooner passed his lips than I felt a shock through all my frame beyond that of electricity; I staggered as if with a sudden stroke, and caught hold of the barricade; an involuntary shriek burst from me, and I cried out—That woman—Oh! that woman—Was a devil, said the master, and if you knew but half the misery you have escaped, you would fall down upon your knees and thank God for the blessing; I have heard your story, Mr. Chaubert, and when a man is in love, do you see, he does not like to have his mistress taken from him; but some things are better lost than found, and if this is all you have to complain of, take my word you complain of the luckiest hour in your whole life. He would have proceeded, but I turned from him without uttering a word, and shutting myself up into my cabin surrendered myself to my meditations.

“My mind was now in such a tumult, that I cannot recal my thoughts, much less put them in any order for relation: The ship however kept her course, and had now entered the mouth of the Garonne; I landed on the quay of Bourdeaux; the master accompanied me, and young Lewis kept charge of the ship: The first object that met my view was a gibbet erected before the door of a merchant’s counting house: The convict was kneeling on a scaffold, whilst a friar was receiving his last confession; his face was turned towards us; the Englishman glanced his eye upon him, and instantly cried out—Look,

look, Mr. Chaubert, the very man, as I am alive; it is the father of young Lewis.—The wretch had discovered us in the same moment, and called aloud—Oh Chaubert, Chaubert! let me speak to you before I die!—His yell was horror to my soul; I lost the power of motion, and the crowd pushing towards the scaffold, thrust me forward to the very edge of it; the friar ordered silence, and demanded of the wretch why he had called out so eagerly, and what he had farther to confess. Father, replied the convict, this is the very man, the very Chaubert of whom I was speaking; he was the best of friends to me, and I repaid his kindness with the blackest treachery; I seduced the woman of his affections from him, I married her, and because we dreaded his resentment, we conspired in an attempt upon his life by poison.—He now turned to me and proceeded as follows—You may remember, Chaubert, as we were supping together on the very evening of Louisa’s elopement, she handed to you a glass of wine to drink to your approaching nuptials; as you were lifting it to your lips, your favourite spaniel leaped upon your arm and dashed it on the floor; in a sudden transport of passion, which you were ever addicted to, you struck the creature with violence and laid it dead at your feet. It was the saving moment of your life—the wine was poisoned, inevitable death was in the draught, and the animal you killed was God’s instrument for preserving you; reflect upon the event, subdue your passions, and practise resignation; Father, I have no more to confess; I die repentant; let the executioner do his office.”

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For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The REPOSITORY. No. XXV.

CURIOSITY is undoubtedly one of the most active principles of the soul. What degree of curiosity is compatible with sound philosophy, may be a question, but that it is of general utility, must, I think, remain indisputable. Curiosity is said to predominate in a superior degree in the female bosom. I know that curiosity is not ascribed to us as a virtue; no, by no means; it is rather pointed out as a reprehensible excrescence. But with all due deference to those who are fond of searching out, and of reporting the supposed blemish, I take leave to say, that if curiosity was confined to us, then would the lords of the creation be indebted to us, for all those improvements of which humanity hath been found susceptible; we should then become the source of information, and by consequence it is we who must be invested with the honorary bays.— Suppose the principle of curiosity had been from the beginning dormant in the soul; suppose the human being wholly incurious, altogether averse from investigation— in what profound ignorance would mankind have been wrapped?— Where would have been all the af-

tonishing discoveries which we owe to the sublime genius of a Newton? Void of this stimulative, his researches would have been at an end; or rather they would never have commenced; and it is, therefore, to this noble incitement, that the world is indebted for the pleasing knowledge of the great balance of nature, the idea of gravitation, the order of the planets, with many other useful, delightful, and elevating speculations, which once were latent. Suspend for a time the operation of this same curiosity, and, during such suspension, science is at a stand, genius hath lost its prime movement, and the progress of every improvement is effectually arrested. Thus it is a fact, that those who so lavishly attribute curiosity, in so large a proportion to *the sex*, very evidently, although perhaps they are not aware thereof, ascribe to females a superior degree of that noble incentive, which is the origin of every mental acquisition. Let then curiosity, *female curiosity*, cease to be considered a term of reproach; and let the levellers of female abilities, take a more certain aim at that worth, which they assay to prostrate.

CONSTANTIA,

ESSAY on HAPPINESS.

Alas! where shall we find
Some spot to real happiness confin'd?

GOLDSMITH,

THIS pensive inquiry has not been confined to the breast of the ingenious poet from whom my motto is taken. In the hours of disappointment and adversity, it has been the general language of mankind. Beings who possess faculties capable of enjoyment un-

attainable in the present state of existence, naturally extend their ideas to a better life. This longing after something unpossessed, is the wish of every mind conscious of its immortality.

But the complaint frequently springs from causes of an inferior nature.

nature. It has often arisen from real, and still oftener from imaginary, infelicity. This hath been often increased, and sometimes wholly proceeds from making a false estimation of human happiness. Men are apt to place an higher value on every blessing not in their possession than on those which they enjoy. The prospect of every distant good is embellished with charms which lose their lustre on a nearer approach, or pall with familiarity.

It is not unusual with us to imagine the condition of others preferable to our own: We change our situation, but find not the happiness we expected; and yet remain unconvinced of our folly. We pursue, vainly pursue, the phantom which the fervor of hope raises in the distempered imagination, although disappointment attend us at every step, and mock every endeavour. We either find the objects of our wishes recede in proportion to our advances towards them, or that, if gained, they prove inadequate to our expectations.

One of the most deceitful bubbles, that ever danced before the eye of human vanity, is wealth. It glitters at a distance, and appears replete with all the requisites essential to earthly felicity. It attracts the attention of numbers from every other object, and kindles in the breasts of its votaries an inextinguishable thirst to acquire it. By weak minds it is considered as the summum bonum of sublunary blessings, and therefore, in the attainment of it, such think to exclude every want, to enjoy every satisfaction.

But alas! wealth often flies before the pursuer; and, in the end, leaves him tired, languid, and

disappointed. To some indeed she grants her favors with peculiar liberality: But are these in "a spot to real happiness confined?" No surely: They find, by unprofitable experience, that the enjoyments derived from riches fall far short of their expectations.

Riches are not able to confer that happiness they promise; or to avert those evils which they are supposed to cure. They seldom fill the grasp of avarice, or limit the ardour of desire. They are insufficient to guard the avenues through which afflictions enter. To

"The branch that blooms with vegetable gold,"

Death pays no regard.

The possession of wealth introduces wants not less numerous than those we complain of in a state of poverty. They are indeed different in kind, but not less destructive of that felicity we vainly seek for in this imperfect state of being. We are apt to conclude, that those are exempt from unhappiness on whom prosperity beams her radiance. In the erring estimation of superficial minds, "their lines are cast in pleasant places;" but a little reflection will convince us, that they are often "encompassed with many sorrows." View those who have free access to the temple of riches, and you will not find them happier than other men. They not only feel numerous wants increasing with their acquisitions; but are often a prey to still more numerous fears, arising from those very possessions to which men in humbler stations are strangers. Some find their desires strengthened by the increase of their possessions; The more they inherit, the more unbounded is their grasp. Were it possible for
such

such to accumulate all the treasures of the earth, they would still be unsatisfied, and, like Alexander, weep because there was no other world within their reach to plunder. Others, who appear contented with their present possessions, are not less unhappy. Men cannot essentially possess more than they enjoy: The rest, like a cypher on the left hand of a figure, is of no value, unprofitable to any useful purpose. It is only as barren splendor, which, like the glare of a comet, may indeed shine at a distance, and create awe in vulgar minds; but affords no warmth to invigorate him who gazes upon it. The possessor may contemplate it with barren admiration, but cannot render it subservient to the useful purposes of life. Such, therefore, who possess more wealth than is sufficient to furnish their reasonable wants, are generally employed in a laborious search after pleasures yet untasted, in which they hope to find an increase of happiness. In general they are disappointed.

There is indeed one source of refined pleasure, which the enjoyment of wealth affords to a rational mind. The extension of help to the helpless, of relief to misery, and of comfort to those who dwell in the vale of adversity, are employments in which we feel the purest satisfaction. To awaken joy in countenances strongly marked with the gloom of sorrow is attended with the most refined sensations of delight, and attunes the soul to harmony. This is the noblest use to which wealth can be applied; the essential end for which Heaven has dispensed it. But, amongst the great and opulent, how few are there who exercise themselves in such a course of

benevolence and virtue! How few whose minds are sufficiently elevated to seek for the satisfaction arising from a conduct so truly estimable?

The generality of the rich spend their time and substance in a course of falsely estimated pleasure, which, while it affords a momentary gratification to some desires, creates others more difficult to satisfy. Every indulgence of the passions beyond the limits of reason and temperance either excites the appetite for more criminal enjoyments, or cloy with a languid satiety. These are effects equally destructive of true happiness. In this dilemma the mind of a man of pleasure is perpetually tossed like a vessel without a rudder in the fury of a storm. Still hurried along by the gales of passion, he pursues something yet untried, which he supposes more capable of conferring happiness; but this when attained leaves him equally dissatisfied, and at a distance from true felicity.

Thus, through the diversified paths of error, men pursue, with unremitting ardour, that happiness, which, for want of a better regulated judgment, they cannot attain; till, tired with reiterated disappointments, they quit the stage of life and their fruitless search together.

It would be a mark of wisdom in us to consider such examples as proper objects for our instruction. Viewed in this light, they may be useful warnings, and teach us to avoid the folly so strongly exhibited in their conduct. Let their errors and consequent disappointments excite others to pursue a different plan;—a plan more likely to be attended with success.

Complete happiness is not the produce

produce of a terrestrial soil. While we tread the paths of human life, and are compassed with human frailties, the avenues through which happiness beams on the soul will not in a sufficient degree satisfy or fill up our intellectual capacities : But still such a portion of it is within our reach as will render this state of existence easy and tranquil. The Sovereign Lord of universal nature has wisely ordained, that, amidst the highest gratifications we can enjoy in this world, some alloy should be experienced. By these means the mind is led to aspire after the attainment of that more perfect bliss, which, in the wise determinations of his counsel, we were formed to enjoy, when time and its illusive scenes shall vanish for ever.

The terms, on which this superior happiness is declared by the voice of wisdom to be attainable, are, such as, if complied with, will tend greatly to the increase of our present felicity. We are told in the volume of sacred truth, that "Godliness is profitable to all things ; having the promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come." The experience of wise and good men in all ages has proved its validity. The more we withdraw our affections from perishing delights, and endeavour to fix them on celestial objects, the more acute, pure and refined, will our perceptions be of present pleasures. They will not be pursued to satiety, or abused with a wanton ingratitude.

Those joys, which the visible creation affords, will not be relied upon as a substantial lasting good, but rather considered as the lower steps of that ladder by which we may ascend from earth to heaven. By the "good things that are seen"

and which we are favoured to enjoy here, we shall be excited to seek after "those that are invisible," in that state where the aspirations of hope will end in certainty ; and desire, in the complete fruition of eternal blessedness.

It is undoubtedly a mark of wisdom in us to seek, by every prudent means, for the attainment of that happiness which, in the wise order of Providence, we were formed to enjoy in the present life. Our passions are ever calling for fresh gratification ; they are clamorous, and not easily silenced : But we know that, if indulged without restraint, they would soon precipitate us into irretrievable ruin. It is therefore the province of reason to regulate them, to curb the ravings of the will, and to point out those boundaries of action which we ought never to pass.

Whenever we thus submit to her wise restrictions, the commotions in our breasts will cease ; our desires will be circumscribed ; and, instead of repining at our lot, we shall be convinced the blessings we have received are infinitely beyond our deserts. This sense produces gratitude and humility, and thence spring true contentment and lasting peace : We are satisfied with those blessings which the munificent Author of our being has showered down upon us, and are most solicitous to make suitable returns for his unmerited bounty.

In this disposition of mind the purest happiness of this life is found ; and herein we are best capable of becoming successful candidates for that superior felicity which will be the portion of the wise and virtuous in the realms of immortality.

[*Universal Mag.*
The

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GLEANER. No. XXIX.

Easy the burden, lightly borne, appears,
Content her poppies strews—a wand she bears—
Whose magic influence can new joys unfold,
Changing the *iron*—to an age of *gold*.

THE value of an equal and accommodating disposition, cannot, I conceive, be too highly appreciated, too energetically inculcated, or too often expatiated upon. Such, and so frequent are the vicissitudes of life, that an unbending mind, refusing to yield to that necessity which is imposed upon its existence, is broken by the boisterous winds which are abroad, and too frequently prostrated by those calamities, or adverse transitions, to which an acquiescent spirit finds it wisdom, with humble patience, to submit. "The burden becomes light by being well borne." I have not forgot that this is an old adage, but I repeat, that its antiquity doth not deduct the smallest particle from its rationality; these venerable old saws frequently contain the very pith and essence of sentiment, and I have often thought that the pen appropriated to the pointing out their excellence might be *much worse* employed. Say, thou discontented and repining mortal, what emolument hast thou derived from continually tracing the dark shades in the picture? Hast thou received injuries, and dost thou find thy recompense in eternally brooding thereon? Do such contemplations meliorate thy virtues, or promote the sunshine of the soul? Are the genial and salutary airs of tranquillity originated, or wafted forward, by reflections, which wound the mind, and fire the bosom with indignation?

Health of body, serenity of soul, sweet complacency, sprightly mirth, all these are among the victims of *cherished*, *gloomy* and *corroding resentment*! The soul of the vindictive is the region of horror, and the most black and baleful passions harbour there. What are the pleasures of the angry man? It is undeniably true that he is his own tormenter, and if he throws the reins upon that implacability, and inveterate revenge, which so fearfully predominate in his breast, his most uniform or confirmed enemy could hardly devise means more adequate or better calculated for the destruction of his felicity. Have not the attentions which I have received been commensurate with that merit, with which my self-partiality hath invested me? Have I to complain of cold indifference or neglect from those upon whom nature, circumstances, or amity, had furnished me with indisputable claims? Have I not only been defrauded of those dues to which the inviolable laws of society hath entitled me, but hath insult, and even outrage been also added? Well, it is really a pity-moving situation, and I would certainly turn as often as possible from the view. Canst thou derive either satisfaction or profit from an enumeration of thy grievances? I pity the malignant spirit which can delight to prey upon food on which the fiends assembled in Pandemonium might joy to riot! Reader, if thou wert
ever

ever angry, then hast thou experienced the ravages which the war of the passions maketh upon thy peace, like all other wars, desolation follows in the train, and reason can never estimate their profit; yet, if upon a fair calculation, the sum total proves thee a single drachm, or even a half drachm, nay, the hundredth part of a scruple the gainer; I will then consent that thou shalt in future vex thyself to a skeleton more hideous than the brain of fertile poesy e'er conjured up, though sickening envy, or yellow jealousy, or fell revenge, stalked full in view—"Yes," cried Maria, "the sensations which are attendant upon the contemplation of a virtuous action, are undoubtedly divine; I would pass by a thousand supposed injuries, but I would dwell for ever upon the contemplation of genuine worth. The reflections which are the accompaniments of offences do not exercise, they do not invigorate the finer feelings of the soul. I listened to the pleasing matron," continued Maria, "I listened with rapture, for her tongue expatiated upon the philanthropy of Alberto."

"My son, said she, was on a voyage, he was a stranger, and he took rank among the lowest grade which made up the ship's company—my son fell sick; he was dangerously ill; gloomy was his situation; but Alberto commanded the ship; he fought out my son; he soothed his woes; he lodged him in his own cabin; he attended him in person, and my son was restored to health. Immeasurable are my obligations to Alberto and his name, next to that of the Supreme, is entitled to my utmost veneration. Alberto is my brother; I am many years

his senior; I have known him the most beautiful of infants, and he gladdened the hearts of his parents. How sweet are the praises of a brother! Alberto, dear Alberto, for this, and many similar anecdotes of thy short life, I will remit unto thee all, and every one of the peccadillos, which, shading thy character, do but to render thy virtues the more conspicuous. Yes, the genuine benignity of thy soul shall serve as a sponge wherewith to obliterate all recollection of those asperities, that the rough contour of thy inborn integrity, so frequently presents." The election of Maria exemplified her accustomed penetration, for reiterated observation of proper and becoming actions, has upon the heart the most salutary effect. Was I called upon to delineate the path which would most assuredly lead to as great a share of happiness as is compatible with humanity, I should dictate to the candidate for felicity, a frequent recurrence to the fair side of persons, circumstances and events; almost every thing may be viewed in different mediums, and even the various emphasizing of any given narration, may furnish the same fact with features directly opposite. Resolve then to view every occurrence in the very best possible light, and if there is a pleasing construction, seize with avidity the supposition which points to complacency. Make, I beseech thee, the experiment, determine to be pleased for one week, and then tell me how smoothly fled the hours. Here I am aware of an objection; misfortunes may await, the pressure of which may sink *even fortitude itself*, but let it be remembered that I have not at present reference to the real calamities of life, and although it is undoubtedly true,

true, that every evil may be mitigated by patience, yet at this moment, in endeavouring to rouse to resolution, I had only in view that fretful ennui, which is commonly the offspring of indolence, and strongly marks the want of those efforts which are so proper to a rational being. Murmuring, repining, captious discontent, invidious cavilling, these are the fiends which are armed at all points against our repose; disagreeable recollections, wounding sarcasms, irritating re-creminations—these are hunted after, as if they were some hidden treasure, and they stab our choicest comforts; they are the dark assassins which, aiming at the vitals of tranquillity, fatally destroy our peace! Of what consequence is it who was the aggressor? humanity is subjected to error, and that immaculate Being, to whom alone belongeth undeviating rectitude, hath given us a dignified example of forgiveness. Take the advice of a friend; make the most of life, enjoy with avidity; reverence virtue; make it the goal of thy wishes; pursue and overtake, cultivate philanthropy; give ample scope to every benignant suggestion; take not upon thyself the character of a *public accuser*, or *censor*; but leaving this invidious office to those to whom it may legally belong, accustom thyself to expatiate upon the *good qualities* of thy associates, upon the *benefits* accruing from an intercourse with thy connexions, upon the *eligibles of life*: Tread lightly upon offences; if thou shouldest awake the sleeping mischief, it will sting thee to the soul, its envenomed shafts will find their way to the deepest recesses of thy spirit. Do not magnify or even investigate the ill offices which have been done thee; few circum-

Vol. VI.

D

stances can justify the perturbing scrutiny; anger will grow in thy bosom. How shocking, how deforming is anger! Seneca's description of anger is not too high coloured, and it is just as true at the present day, as it was near eighteen hundred years since. Seneca, upon anger, may not be in your library; I take leave, therefore, to transcribe an extract from his admired page. "He was much in the right, whoever he was, that first called anger a short madness; for they have both of them the same symptoms; and there is so wonderful a resemblance between the transports of choler and those of phrensy, that it is a hard matter to know the one from the other. A bold, fierce and threatening countenance, as pale as ashes, and in the same moment as red as blood; a glaring eye, a wrinkled brow, violent motions, the hands restless and perpetually in action, wringing and menacing, snapping of the joints, stamping with the feet, the hair starting, trembling lips, a forced voice; the speech false and broken, deep and frequent sighs and ghastly looks; the veins swell, the heart pants, the knees knock; with a hundred dismal accidents that are common to both distempers. Neither is anger, only a bare resemblance of madness, but many times an irrecoverable transition into the thing itself. How many persons have we known, read, and heard of, that have lost their wits in a passion, and never came to themselves again? It is therefore to be avoided not only for moderation sake, but also for health. Now, if the outward appearance of anger be hideous, how deformed must that mind be that is harrassed with it? for it leaves no place either for counsel or friendship, honesty or good manners;

ners ; no place either for the exercise of reason, or for the offices of life. If I were to describe it, I would draw a tyger bathed in blood ; sharp set and ready to take a leap at its prey, or dress it up as the poets represent the furies, with whips, snakes and flames. It should likewise be sour, livid, full of scars, and wallowing in gore, raging up and down, destroying, grinning, bellowing, and pursuing ; sick of all other things, and most of all of itself. It turns beauty into deformity, and the calmest counsels into fierceness : It disorders our very garments, and fills the mind with horror. How abominable then is it in the soul ! Is not he a mad man who hath lost the government of himself, and is tossed hither and thither by his fury, as by a tempest ; the executioner of his own revenge, both with his heart and hand ; and the murderer of his nearest friends ? The smallest matter moves it and makes us unsocial, and inaccessible. It does all things by violence, as well upon itself as others ; and it is in short the master of all passions." Say, my fair friend, doth the portrait disgust thee ? fly then, lovely Sentimentalist, from the very first approaches of the fell destroyer ; rude and misshapen, it assimilates into its own frightfully shocking aspect the finest features, and, beneath its horrid and imperious sway, prostrate beauty fades and is extinct ; its depredations on the sweet tranquillity proper to thy sex, are marked with the most aggravating and unnatural circumstances. Gentle woman should studiously shun that questionable path which may remotely terminate in the most distant approximation to the hell-born fiend ; for every mild, every bland and social virtue, should constitute the

aggregate of the female character. How charming is the sunshine of the soul ; how friendly to the growth of mental life is the milk of human kindness ! how divine is the precept—" Bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the royal law of love." But stop, I presume not to invade the province of the preacher ; the fact is, that thought hath followed thought, until having over-shot my purpose, I have widely deviated from my original plan : Indeed, the want of regularity, is not the least of the inconveniences which are the accompaniments of the vagrant tribe, but my humble pretensions must at all times be my apology.

My design was to have devoted this Gleaner to the consideration of the utility, of supporting with equanimity, the unavoidable misfortunes incident to life : And I was furnished with an exemplification of the advantages which I had in view to delineate, during a tour which I lately made through the out-skirts of one of the eastern states. Thus it is, the eccentricity of my occupation not seldom deranges my most favorite views, and I am necessitated to admit the multifarious produce of an excursive, or fugitive imagination, yet, although thrown from my course, I will not be prevented from presenting my example ; I think it cannot fail of striking agreeably, and it may possibly give birth to those very identical reflections which it was my wish to embody. It was upon a beautiful morning of April last that, seeking the pleasures of solitude, I wandered from the company at our little inn, and mounting my horse, I threw the reins upon his neck, determining to leave to chance the direction of my ramble. We were equally strangers

to the road, and a few miles in a country hardly emerging from a state of nature, conducted us to a thick wood, when, securing my horse to the trunk of a tall tree, I prepared to penetrate a coppice which presented the only vestige of the wants, or ingenuity of man, which the eye could trace: Almost lost in contemplation, I proceeded onward to the extremity of the wood, which bordered a few acres of ground, equally remarkable for the sterility of its soil, and the persevering patience, and uncommon industry of its proprietors. I was roused from my reverie by a number of voices, which arresting my attention, immediately drew me forward to the place from whence they proceeded. I suspected the employment of our rustics, and least I should interrupt operations so proper to the season, I made my advances with care. The opening scene presented a poor built cottage, which, in language unequivocal, proclaimed industrious poverty; the healthy appearance of the grounds, evinced the stinted produce, with which they repaid the master's culture; a few sheep, and a single cow, whose thin forms demonstrated the scanty pittance on which they fed, stood forth additional vouchers of the partial penury of nature. But a fertilizing stream, which murmured by, and bore in its bosom various descriptions of the finny tribe, diversified the view, and gave birth to the pleasures of hope. A well looking man was busily employed in turning up, and shaping the glebe, a sentimental carol vibrated upon his tongue, and his features were expressive of content. A graceful female at a little distance, round whom no less than eleven children, of different ages, were collected,

was directing the eldest boy, a rosy cheeked youth, in setting some plants, while she herself committed to the prepared sod, those seeds from which she cheerfully anticipated the distant harvest. The vestments of the family, were the vestments of penury, and if they could be considered as garments, they were entitled, for so respectable an appellation, to that unwearied diligence, which following still the well worn robe, had so repeatedly repaired each time-made breach, as to render it impossible to decide of what hue or texture it was originally possessed. Yet the voice of gladness echoed round, and the colour of every feature seemed descriptive of heart-felt age. With folded arms, and grateful admiration, I contemplated the uncommon group. The face of the matron was not immediately turned toward me, neither had the shepherd observed me, but the children had begun to amuse themselves with my figure, when their mother, having finished her employ, was drawn by their innocent mirth to the spot on which I was fixed. I have already confessed mingling surprise and pleasure, at the gay tranquillity which was so apparently the appendages of a scene so barren of good, and so remarkably devoid of the eligibles of life, but no language can express my astonishment, when in the countenance of the penuriously garbed matron, I recognized the once opulent, truly amiable, and highly deserving Flavilla! Gracious God! spontaneously I exclaimed—Is it possible; do I in reality behold the once idolized, and ever charming Miss Kneller? Flavilla, long accustomed to the vicissitudes, and caprices of events, uttered no perturbed exclamation, but with that genuine dignity, which

which nature not seldom confers upon a consciousness of innate worth, with a grace and manner which I have not often seen equalled in a drawing room, presenting her hand; she expressed her satisfaction in an interview so unexpected, and leading me to her humble abode, we were soon joined by Evander, and the little family. I had known Flavilla from early youth: She was born to affluent fortune, and her education had been in the first line. Her parents Mr. and Mrs. Kneller, had no other child, and this daughter, promising in every view, was of course regarded as an invaluable treasure. Evander was the man of her heart, and her union with the youth she loved, and who reciprocated her attachment, received the cheerful sanction of the authors of her being. Soon after the marriage of Miss Kneller, her parental friends paid the great debt of nature, and Evander and Flavilla possessed an ample fortune. But from this period thick clouds began to gather, and they experienced a most distressing reverse of circumstances. The career of their misfortunes was ushered in by a dreadful conflagration, in which their mansion house, containing many valuable articles, was reduced to ashes; a series of calamities succeeded, until at length, of all their vast possessions, scarce a vestige remained; yet a principle of rectitude triumphed in their souls; of their inborn integrity the malice of their fate could not divest them, and discharging, with interest, the last farthing, for which they were indebted, with the poor pittance which was left, they retired, like Thompson's Lavinia, "*far from these scenes that knew their better days,*" far from their native place, the much-loved scene of their early

pleasures, and purchased in this remote spot—*'twas all they could*—the barren grounds from which they have ever since obtained a scanty, and hard earned subsistence. Their original stock consisted of thirty sheep, one cow, and a yoke of oxen; the sheep were almost immediately destroyed by the wolves, the cow fell a victim probably to the sterile soil to which she was confined, and, in an attempt to level a tall tree, one of their oxen was killed upon the spot. Succeeding years has reduced to the lowest state the necessaries which made up their personal and family wardrobe, and it has not been in their power to possess themselves of the smallest supplies: Yet, strange to tell, neither time, or sorrow, hath been able to infix their deadly fangs in the bosom of Flavilla; health dances in her veins, and beauty glows upon her cheek; her smiles still display the dimples of youth, and in her mildly expressive eye corrected vivacity yet beams. It was impossible that I could forbear expressing my astonishment, and my admiration! and I inquired by what means they had, Flavilla especially, supported such an uncommon measure of tranquillity in the midst of such a calamitous reverse of circumstances: "It is simply this," replied Flavilla, "we have considered the brevity of life, and the certainty of our removal to another, a better, and a more permanent state of being; we have adopted, realized, and reduced to practice the sentiment of an admired poet; we have been taught by experience that *"earth born cares are vain; that man wants but little here below,"* we have fully known, and we do not expect to want *"that little long."* To contribute to the relief of Flavilla, or her family, is impossible, for
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MARIA - MAG. 1754.



O Sir! Sir Save me! assist me!

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since the discovery of her retirement, in regard to which she hath enjoined the strictest secrecy, however ingenious, I have been in my attempts to augment their finances, I have still found myself with a firmness almost unexampled; uniformly repulsed. To have put Flavilla, in possession of every thing which her situation seemed to claim would have been the highest luxury which benevolence could have tasted; but while I regret as an individual, her steady rejection of all pecuniary assistance, I cannot but admire the genuine elevation of her high-souled sentiments. She listened, it is true, to those remonstrances with which, after more indirect methods had failed, I ventured to address her; but she listened only to ascertain her rejection: "No, Sir," with all the calmness of in-born superiority, she replied, "I am but too much obliged in receiving your munificent proposals, but no one shall say that he hath enriched either Flavilla, or her family. Flavilla and her family will depend only upon Nature and Nature's God; habit hath reconciled us to our situation, we are resigned, we are contented—besides, my friend, the prospect now gradually brightens upon us; by rigid econo-

my, we have replaced our *stock*; our children are growing up about us; my boys will assist their father; we have already laid the foundation of a little tenement, in which we expect to meet a tranquil close to waning life. Labour will ameliorate even the sterile earth; many hands will bear from some more friendly spot the rich manure; the increase of our own fields shall yet spread us a plenteous board. See yonder flax, already it assumes a promising and healthy aspect. The finest threads are spun by my girls, and even by myself. Lydia has made herself mistress of the weaving business; William has a fine mechanical genius, his looms are nearly complete, and the well made web, the product of our own industry, will ere long furnish us with decent and becoming vestments."

Happy, deservedly happy woman; felicity hast, from the discordant spirit of the captious murmurer, although the child of affluence, and enveloped in gold and purple, it hasteth to the bosom of contentment; it seeketh shelter in the breast of equanimity, bestowing on its votaries, although dwelling in a humble cottage, the choicest of its blessings.



ALEXIS: Or, The *COTTAGE* in the *WOODS*.

(Continued from the 537th page.)

PART SECOND.

ALEXIS passes a twelvemonth in the Cottage.—He is forced to leave it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUBTERRANEAN TEMPLE.

THE dawn of gay morning had risen from the east, the feathered tribe saluted it with the most

melodious concern; all nature brilliant, and displayed, seemed to rejoice at the beneficent rays of the sun. Alexis, who used every morning to contemplate and adore this magnificent scene, paid not the smallest attention to it. All night a prey to the most painful reflections, he no sooner perceived Aurora, than

than, running to the window, he surveyed, with a countenance expressive of grief, the vast expanse of the forest. Sighs heaved his bosom, his veins beat precipitately, his over-burdened heart seemed to be willing to force its way through his breast, to repair to the spot where he knew his father waited for him. Alexis could not see the village of St. Etienne, but he guessed its situation, and said to himself: Romans lies to the south; St. Marcellin on this side; and St. Etienne facing the mountain covered with woods. Yes, St. Etienne lies there, my father and Dumont are near me! O why cannot my eyes pierce through the obstacles which part us! Why not see and examine them!—What do I say? Their image is in my soul.—There they are, sitting by one another: They sigh, and say, Will Alexis come to join us?—Will Alexis prefer his father to his misfortunes?—Will nature have greater command over his heart than love? Will it be in vain for me to hold out my arms to him and to call him aloud!—Ah! my son! come, come, my mouth smiles at you; my eyes only wait for your bosom, to pour in it a flood of tears; my heart longs to feel the beating of your's. Will you come my Alexis, will you come?—Yes, I will, my father; yes, I'll embrace your knees; my soul shall be united with your's.—O Alexis! O most ungrateful of all men! could'st thou hesitate, could'st thou waver? descend into your heart, it will prescribe your duty, and tell you, what is a lover, what is a benefactor. Are they above a father? Can friendship, can gratitude, equal paternal fondness! O sacred names of a father, of a son, are you not holier than those of a lover and a friend!—I am resolved this evening, I will leave the cottage, I will quit

for ever Candor and Clara.—For ever!—great God!—for ever!—beings so generous, so virtuous!—O my father, what a sacrifice do you exact of me!—it is above my power; yes, I feel it will be impossible for me to consummate it.—But, cruel parent, why did not you come yourself? Why did you write by a hand not your own? That letter, that stranger, that guide, who is to conduct me—yes, that guide!—should it be yourself—yes, my father, it is you—I shall meet you in the forest: My heart tells me so; it cannot deceive me! O fun, hasten thy career, behold what happiness awaits me when it is completed! restore a son to his father, and thy setting will be more beautiful for Alexis than thy meridian glory.

Alexis, enlivened by the idea of meeting his father in the guide of the forest, was shedding tears of joy. Soon calm cheered his soul, and serenity animated his countenance. He went down to Clara, gave her a lesson of music; they repaired to Candor, of whom he begged leave to go a hunting in the afternoon; the latter granted it, embraced him closely, and called him his dear son, which entirely disconcerted our hero: His firmness failed him, his resolution vanished, his heart was distressed, and he fell into his former state of irresolution.

Clara, whom he joined, finished putting him into the most anxious perplexity and confusion: Alexis, said she, rejoice, my father is going to grant thee thy wishes; he said to me just now, to night you and I shall know his secrets. O my God! how I long for that blessed moment!—But what ails you? It seems as if you was sorry at these tidings?—Don't you love my father? don't you love—me? how often have you declared and sworn you did?—

In

In faith, Alexis, could I but think you ungrateful, I would esteem you no more.—Oh, how you look at me!—you weep now.—No, sir, no, be not sorry, I believe there is nothing bad in what I told you.—

Alexis endeavoured to answer, but his grief would not permit him: He only pressed her hand, and then retired. Clara, who had never seen him so downcast, saw him go; her beautiful eyes were filled with tears: She, mechanically, followed as it were, the traces of her young friend, and stopping on the banks of the rivulet, near the bridge that leads to the grove, she was highly amazed to see Alexis write some characters upon the bark of the great poplar. She hid herself behind an antique willow, and watched attentively every motion of her lover, intending, as soon as he should be gone, to read the inscription he made on the tree. Alexis, at certain times, interrupted his task, lifted his hands towards heaven, and uttered the most woful moans. Soon after, he kissed the characters which he had traced, and with a slow pace returned to the cottage, not without turning round, and coming back upon his footsteps.

No sooner Clara saw him at too great a distance to be perceived by him, than she ran trembling to the great poplar. What became of her, when upon it she read these words!

“O you tender friends, objects of my thoughts, that ought to expect a more grateful return, accuse not my heart of a forcible flight! one day you will see me again.”

Clara attempts to read the fatal lines again; but her eyes cannot see; a cloud of darkness covers them; her tongue denies its office, she drops down senseless upon the turf and remains in that condition,

which nobody could guess, without the smallest succour. She however gradually recovered her senses, and her unfaithful remembrance hides from her the cause of her perturbation; she rises, sees herself, with astonishment, open her eyes again to light: Soon the happy darkness which covered her soul vanished; she repents not having followed the traces of her lover, and quickly enters the cottage, where she cries with a loud voice, Alexis! Alexis! ungrateful man, it is Clara who calls you! answer me, oh, answer me!—Alexis could hear no more, in consequence of Candor's having given him leave to go a hunting; he had just left the cottage; he was in the forest, he looked at the draw bridge which had just shut itself behind him, and doubting whether he should have it let down again, he could neither advance, nor return. What a situation for his feeling heart! What, exclaimed he, Candor, the respectable Candor, who does not suspect my project, and has just given me tokens of the most tender friendship—should I leave him!—Oh God! how ungrateful!—And Clara, poor Clara! what will she become, if she reads my last farewell upon the great poplar? She will see that I was forced to go, she will see that I am to return one day.—Yes, I will return, my generous friends, you will see me again; and will to-morrow hinder me from coming here with my father and Dumont.—Oh! they will not be able to disapprove of my project; they will follow me; to-morrow I shall embrace Candor, he will pardon me. How delightful a hope is this to my heart!—It quite enlivens me; I will go, I will proceed on my journey, embrace father who waits for me at a little distance. Heaven be praised for this

this favour, it baffles all expression !

Alexis turned his face towards the cottage, he shed tears, then took his road as he was directed by the letter : He had now walked half a league in the forest, when the sky was imperceptibly overcast with clouds, the lightning rent the air, the thunder roared, whole cataracts of water poured down from the irritated elements, and the blackest darkness covered all nature. Alexis, moved at the dreadful scene, felt his knees tottering ; terror seized his soul, he was almost convinced that heaven, provoked at his ingratitude, would shiver him into atoms, he had almost succumbed under the weight of his grief, when a spacious cavern presents itself to his sight. He enters to avoid the heavenly wrath ; he ventures to step a little forward ; all of a sudden an involuntary horror makes him tremble, his hair stands at an end, he thinks to see spectres that pursue and stop him ; he believes he hears the voice of Clara and Candor ; it is they, it is their voice ; they load him with reproaches and curses. Heaven ! where is he to seek refuge ? The phantoms pursue him wherever he goes ; on all sides sighs and shrieks resound in his ears. Let us for a moment leave him in this critical situation, and see what passes in the cottage.

Clara, after she had read the words, written on the great poplar, ran back to the cottage in hopes to find Alexis ; but what was her surprise, when her father informs her that he is not there, but went out a hunting in the forest.—“ A hunting !” cried Clara ; “ ah, my father, he flies from you, he leaves you forever !”—“ What do you say, my daughter ?”—“ Yes, the ungrateful Alexis is gone !—We shall

see him no more.”—“ But how do you know this ?”—“ Listen, my father, listen to me, and know all his treachery.”

Here Clara told Candor and Germain the adventure of the poplar tree, and begged her father to send Germain after him ; not to bring him back, but to upbraid him, in the blackest terms, with his ingratitude.—Candor heard patiently Clara’s report, and shewed her that the project she had conceived was quite impracticable. Which way indeed, could he send in pursuit of him ? Which way did he go ? A whole hour at least, had elapsed since his departure.—Besides, in such weather !—would it be worth while to brave tempest and lightning to run after a traitor ? No, my dear Clara, continued he, it is useless to give ourselves any trouble ; you shall see your Alexis, you shall see him again ; but he shall pay dear for the torments he causes Clara !—Withdraw, for a while, to your apartment, and leave me to consult with Germain upon what can be done.

Clara kissed her father’s hand, and repaired to her apartment, where she wept bitterly. Thus she spent the best part of the evening and night without seeing either Candor or Germain ! the latter finally came to open her prison (for she had been under key ;) “ Clara,” said he, “ follow me, you will see him again.”—“ Who ? Alexis ?”—“ Himself, he is here.”—“ O heaven ! shall I—yes, I will—let us go, Germain, conduct me to the traitor !—will he be able to stand my presence ?”

Thus she—Germain immediately laid hold of her hand, and made her go down into the place where she had never been before ; but let us not dwell upon a description of it,

it, which we shall give hereafter; but let us see how Alexis was conducted to it.

We left him in a cavern of the forest, haunted by remorse and fantastic apparitions. He was now an hour in it, when he thought he heard a voice at the bottom of the subterranean; he listens, the voice utters his name; it is no vision, a feeble light glimmers at a distance before him. Is it a snare? shall he go and follow that voice which may make him tumble into some abyss? Yes, Alexis, prompted by a supernatural courage, risks the adventure. Whosoever you be, (calls he out to the man who carried the light, whose features he could not distinguish) whosoever you be I will follow you boldly; but what do you want of me?—No answer is given. He advances, and the light disappears before him.—What intrepidity in a young man of eighteen; to be sure, so extraordinary an adventure was worth his notice. Alexis thought he saw spectres—he trembled—now he followed a man, and his firmness returned; frightful illusions often deceive more than credulity.

He therefore walked before his guide, and distance always hindered him from recognizing his face. His passage took up about another hour; he remarked a thousand beauties in this grotto; now a superb petrification offered itself to his sight, then a little rivulet running over layers of pebbles presented itself to him, and all on a sudden left him to lose itself in the hollow of a rock. In a word, this vast grotto appeared rather the work of nature than of art.

At the end of the cavern the guide opened a door, and disappeared. Alexis, by the light which he perceived across this door, pursued

his way, and his astonishment became so great as not to permit him to think. At last he saw himself in a splendid temple, whose door shut itself after him. The floor and columns were of black marble, and on the ceiling hung a lamp which cast a deadly gleam. In the centre of the temple several steps led to a magnificent tomb; above it he saw a picture, representing a woman with a child in her lap. Alexis, struck with all these things, had no doubt of the portraits being that of the persons set by the tomb. But what place could it be? Who was he that conducted him to it? His guide had disappeared, he was alone, shut up, and nobody came to let him out.—Alexis began to repent his too great confidence, when, lo! a door opens—a venerable old man appears—Heaven! can he believe his own eyes?—it is Candor—Candor himself!—O earth open, and let the unhappy Alexis hide his remorse in thy bosom!

Ungrateful, said the old man to him, ungrateful Alexis! where are your promises? Where are your oaths?—You was to have lived and died with us, and you fly, you forsake us!—I see but too well the trial was above your strength; I suspected the instability of your resolutions.—You look at me; I can read in your eyes the surprize which my discourse causes. Let your astonishment cease: Know that the inscription upon the tree of the forest, the stranger, the letter, the guide, in short, the whole intelligence you received, was an artful contrivance of mine, to sound your sentiments, and to measure what degree of confidence I should repose in you. Now I am ready to fulfil your wishes; I know you, I know how much your friendship may be depended

depended on. O treacherous Alexis! you have opened my eyes but too much!—I see I have lost all in this world, as there is not one single friend left to me.—Ah! my father, cried Alexis, throwing himself at his feet, ah! my generous benefactor! yes, you speak the truth, it was a trial too hard for my heart.—But did you know what conflicts and torments I endured!—Ah! pardon me, and be persuaded that it wanted nothing less than filial tenderness that could balance that you have inspired me with.

Candor was going to reply, when a door opened—it is Germain, it is Clara, who came to load the unfortunate Alexis with their reproaches, already mortified with those of the old man. The youth, sensible of his error, embraces their knees, bedews them with his tears, detests his faults, and expresses his repentance with such a sense of contrite feeling, that the father and daughter are forced to pity, to indulge, and to do him justice; for, be it as it will, they were sensible that Alexis had done but his duty in following the instinct of nature, that he left them in hopes to see his father again. An excess of virtue had made him guilty of ingratitude, and nature was his apology. Candor could not tell him his real way of thinking, sensible that the trial he had put him to was too arduous, and that his very transgression made his eulogium; he embraced him therefore, and promised to forget all. He then bade him to be seated on the steps of the tomb, gave the same order to his daughter and Germain, and began the following discourse, which was an introduction to relate his adventures:

“Alexis, if I sent Germain to fetch you into the cavern of the for-

est; if he has been your guide hither without your being able to know him; in short, if I receive you for the first time in this dismal place, it is merely to disclose a great design which I have conceived, and to exact from your arm a vengeance, which my own, withered by age, cannot take upon the cruel enemy who has caused all my misfortunes. Behold this mysterious cave, which I have concealed from you till now, and in which lays deposited what makes both my despair and the treasure of my heart!—Here lies my spouse—she was guilty, but—my poor son!—Permit me to let flow my tears!—Here you see his image; this is his portrait; alas! a barbarous monster has murdered them both—would you believe it, my son, that monster stands before you? I am the monster!—yes, I am he who sacrificed them!—O shame! O remorse! O despair! must my old age be haunted by the remembrance of so atrocious a crime!—No, I will have no comfort, my children; my tears will never wash off the blood with which I have sullied my hands!”

The old man wept for a while, became calm by degrees, and commenced the history of his misfortunes, which Clara herself heard now for the first time.

CHAPTER V.

THE HUSBAND A CONFIDANT OF HIS RIVAL.

MY name is Dorance: my father was president of the parliament of Grenoble, a sacred body, a most honourable body, which has at all times given proofs of firmness and justice. An infant yet he sent me to Paris, to make my studies under the tuition of a governor, as prudent as enlightened. It was in the college of Beauvais, where

where I unfortunately made the acquaintance of a traitor, the chevalier Duverly. Like me, young, brisk, and fiery, his temper bore so much resemblance to mine, that, in a little time, we became so intimate, that we could hardly be separated for one moment. He was an orphan, and his education entrusted to the care of a guardian, who was to restore him his whole property when he should come to be of age.

I shall not expatiate upon the particulars of our intimacy, nor the circumstances which cemented it: it will be sufficient for you to know, that upon leaving the college, where we had studied the *humanities* together, I requested him to come and spend some time with me at Grenoble at my father's house, to whom I had many times wrote in a very flattering manner, about my friend's conduct, and also expressed a desire of getting more particular knowledge of him. Duverly at that time complied with an invitation, that quite charmed him: he loved me, or, I had at least no reason to think to the contrary; but his passions were soon to operate a change in his perfidious heart, and to infect it with the sperm of all vices.

My father, who was kind and generous, received Duverly with cordiality, and made him the offer to make his house his home as long as he pleased. Duverly gratefully accepted his proposal, and I returned thanks to my father. The latter soon became so fond of my friend as to blazen forth his merits without reserve, and to make him, in every thing, the pattern of my conduct: we both studied the profession of the law, for which Duverly manifested more disposition and taste than myself. He became also daily more grave and serious.

He had no more for me that confidence, nor made those friendly effusions which I so often experienced from him in his youth; in a word, I found him more reserved and deliberate. Whatever alarmed me in his conduct; whatever I considered as an evident change in his friendship to me, my father looked upon as an energy of mind and a discretion of character entitled to his admiration. Behold, said he, often to me, behold your friend! he shows not that levity so conspicuous in your character; he is grave, reasonable, thinking, and solid. Endeavour to preserve always his friendship, and to follow his advice, for I am certain he wishes you well. I listened to my father, and it being congenial to me, that he could not mislead me with regard to Duverly, my esteem for the latter heightened, and I tried every thing in my power to re-obtain his confidence, which I thought I had forfeited by my failings.

My father was very intimate with an old baroness, whose name was Myrsange: she was the widow of an officer of horse, and a few years since came to live at Grenoble with her only child, an adorable charming young lady, whom I could not see without emotion. My father, my friend, and I, were used to spend the evening at the baroness' house, and the too lovely Adela made every day so great a progress in my affections, that I soon was able to discern the nature of my sentiments. I made this confidence to Duverly, who, surprised and astonished, received my avowal with such a kind of indignation as intimidated me from making further confidence. What, said he, do you love Miss Myrsange! You—only think, Dorance! Think that she is but a sort of adventurer, whose family
and

and property are equally unknown to every body. She and her mother, I grant you, make a tolerable figure in this town; but whence come they? Who are they? it is now three years they have resided here; is that enough to know well persons, who perhaps have been banished or expudiated? Open your eyes, Dorance—acknowledge your folly—your father will never consent to it, believe me. No, he will never consent: I know him. He will, I suppose, make inquiries, and should they not prove satisfactory, you know yourself the consequence—in other respects he reposes great trust in me; and if he asks my advice, in faith, I will be candid with you, resent it if you choose, yet, I shall never give my opinion in favour of such a match.—O heaven! what, Duverly!—no: depend upon it: I profess too much attachment to your well-being, not to suffer you to throw yourself blindly and headlong into a precipice: the day would come, when you would reproach me with having promoted your ruin.—My ruin! by all means; have not you dived into the character of that little body? Oh! I know her better than you. I can swear—first of all I believe she is a haughty, imperious, slandering coquet. She has wit, I won't deny her that; but a deceitful, malicious and sarcastic wit, you yourself know it—My dear Dorance is it possible!—ah, did you know how painful this confession of your's is to me! painful on your account; for were you not my friend, it would be very indifferent to me, whether you have her or another—Come, promise me to follow my advice, and to conquer a foolish passion, which should never have rose in your heart.

This discourse of Duverly aston-

ished me to such a degree, that I was at a loss to make a reply—I remained motionless, my heart was heavy; I was going, I believe, to shed tears, when my father by his entering the apartment, interrupted our conversation, and took us with him to the court, where a cause highly interesting was to be pleaded; it was a couple who had married by inclination and without the consent of their parents: six months having past, they became equally odious to one another, and sued for a divorce. They made use of as many invectives as they formerly had made of tender and pious expressions, and adduced in their behalf facts so atrocious, as would have provoked the most indelicate ear.

This suit struck me with horror, and Duverly, who perceived it, was pleased to add to my confusion, by pushing me at every quotation made by the counsellors, and expatiating with a low voice, upon the dangers of an ill-concerted marriage, which each of the couple depicted with equal energy.

Upon my return, I made the most cruel reflections. I did not suspect my friend of any secret motive to oppose my passion: moreover, my father esteemed him much, and entertained the most flattering notions of his spirit and judgment: this was a sufficient reason for me to respect him blindly.

Of all the fears Duverly had caused me, none seemed to me well founded; they were confined to vague suspicions, without proofs, and of no alarming nature. What could I think of Duverly! He had appeared much moved at the confidence I made him of my passion: was it his concern for me, which—Oh! yes, it was doubtless his concern, his friendship alone, which

which made him speak to me. He was perhaps too timid, too prying into futurity; but all this reflects honor upon his heart; he was attached to me; he loved and respected my father, and was afraid lest he should see unfortunate, some day, the family he cherished.

I did abide by these reflections, and intended to study Miss Myrfe's character, and to renounce her hand, if ever I should discover in it the faults which my friend had pointed out.

My father, however, frequently asked me what I thought of Adela? I dared not disclose to him my real sentiments on that head, lest they should kindle his wrath. One day he explained himself to me in a more distinct manner. Dorance, said he, I perceive the daughter of the baroness is not indifferent to you; answer me, my son, open your heart, and thou wilt perhaps not repent.—My father—you love her; come, out with the word—Yes my father, I do love the charming Adela; yes, I do adore her, were you even to load me with all the weight of—O load you!—what means that, my son? You accomplish my wishes and those of her mother;—know that we both desire to see love rise in your breast!—how!—Adela is your's, Adela shall be your spouse upon condition—What condition? speak father. What condition? That you go to Paris to study law, to receive instruction, and enable yourself to take the function of my charge, which I shall not resign but in favour of that marriage. To go to Paris, my father! Could not I study here, as well as in Paris?—Undoubtedly, but there is no place like Paris for young people to get instructed. Besides I will recommend you to my best friend, Mr. de Calenzieux;

he is a counsellor of parliament, and will perhaps take better care of your education than I can do; he is an old senator, replete with genius and knowledge: go to him my son, go to draw from his advice that prudence and wisdom, so necessary to him who is to be the judge of his equals: and as you are to succeed me in office, give me the satisfaction to think, when I descend to the grave, that I leave my fellow citizens a virtuous and equitable magistrate. You shall set off tomorrow with Duverly, who, I have no doubt (for Mr. de Calenzieux will receive you both with equal pleasure, and he tells me so in his answer) will accompany you; then return in a twelve month: yes, in a twelvemonth you shall possess Adela, and fulfil the hope of my old age!

I embraced my father, and retired with the greatest joy. I was however determined not to mention any thing about the project of my marriage to Duverly, fearing he might try to alter my father's mind, and I only informed him of our intended journey to Paris. I perceived that this news was highly vexatious to him; he turned pale, opposed the measure for some time, and when he made me perceive that he began to feel the weight of the links of our friendship, my father, much occupied that day, had only time to say a few words to him; he requested him to accompany me to Paris, and to be my mentor. My dear Duverly, said he, you are a man of sound and solid parts, be vigilant over my son, grant him always your friendship and your advice, which I command him to follow and to respect as mine own. Let him pay attention to you, and he will accomplish all my wishes. Duverly answered only stammering;

ing ; I observed him to be down-cast that whole day. At night we went to take our leaves of the baroness and her daughter : the latter gave me a very cold reception, cast down her eyes, and I thought I perceived she had been weeping. I paid her a compliment which she did not return : I pressed her hand without her seeming to be moved. Her coldness affected me ; I could easily discover that she did not love me ; an involuntary blush diffused itself over my face, and I let drop some tears. The mother, who perceived my perplexity, endeavoured to allay it : she opened her arms and called me her son. I obtained leave of her to embrace her daughter ; but seeing the latter averse to grant the parting kiss, she was ordered to comply. Well ! my daughter, said the baroness, well !—that may be granted to a person who takes his leave—come, comfort him, that poor traveller : he is, you see, sorry to leave us !—Adela obeyed with seeming reluctance, and I embraced her trembling. With regard to Duverly, the baroness was much more reserved ; but the perfidious Adela had not the least objection to embrace him ; she made half the advances to it : I was not surprised : shyness might have made her more moderate with me, and, having suffered me to take that liberty, it would have been the grossest insult to my friend, not to grant him the same indulgence. We set out early on the next morning, and, during the whole journey, Duverly was sad, uneasy, grieved, and even snappish ; he sometimes sighed, looked up to heaven, and exclaimed, I am very unfortunate ! What is the matter, dear friend, asked I ? Why, nothing, answered he ; my health, which I see decline day by day, gives me some uneasiness—I

feel such depressions and palpitations of heart, which robs me of rest both day and night. Aye, it is the vapours. The vapours, sir ! you call it the vapours ! you are very inhuman, very hard !—I beg your pardon my friend, I did not wish to—you are happy !—every body smiles at you ! you are always successful ! what, you ! you are as hardy as Hercules !—you enjoy the caresses of a father, of a most excellent father ! but I, who have no parents, nobody in the world. I am left alone to myself !—Alone—to yourself—when you have friends !

Duverly made no answer to this : he had a relapse of his melancholy, and I was sorry to see him in such a situation ; as to his health having been worse for some time, it was true, he had no sleep, he could not eat, and fell into a state of languor, which would bring on a dangerous disorder.

It was not long before it happened. We had now been two months at the house of the counsellor, when Duverly was taken ill. The physicians who were consulted upon his case, gave it as their opinion, that the young man had some inward grief which preyed upon him, and if it was possible to remedy its influence, his life might easily be saved. Judge what impression this report made upon me. I, who loved Duverly, believed to possess his confidence ! he concealed his grief from me. Ah ! my feeling heart could not bear that idea ; I was determined to try all possible means to get from him that fatal secret, and to restore him to health, even at the risk of my life. As I sat up by him regularly every night, I took the opportunity of a moment when he was calm and settled, to address him as follows : Duverly, you will

will die ; you will conceal from me the cause of your death—ah ! what an outrage to my heart ! could you pry into it ; could you but see !—entrust me with your sorrows, my dear Duverly ; entrust me with them—if it was in my power to redeem your life, doubt not, I will do every thing !—Yes, Dorance, it is in your power :—yet—speak, in the name of heaven, speak—your friend does conjure you !—I am afraid the service which I require of you will hurt your feelings.—No matter : if I can do it without trespassing the laws of honour, cost what it will, I am prepared for all.—O my friend ! were I sure of you ; but—Duverly ! Duverly ! how can you thus grieve me ? Well, I will make an entire confession—but how can I ?—Ah ! hear me, and pardon if I conceal certain particulars, which—You must disguise nothing !—I should should not for my own sake, but for—the person I love.—You love ! you !—O heaven, do you really love ?—Yes I do love, I do burn !—attend to me ; pray, attend.

Duverly upon this prepared to digest in his head the little fable he was going to relate. Alas ! my friends, had he then unravelled to me the truth, all would have been over : I would have made him welcome to Adela's hand ; I would have made that effort, and not have suffered a series of misfortunes, of which he was the sole author, and which will never cease but with my life.

Know then, said he, that the first day of our arrival at Grenoble, I paid a visit to a relation of the name of Mrs. des Roches. I never mentioned that lady before, because she is the only source of my unfortunate adventure, and I—hesitated to let you into any fatal secret. I met at her house with a respectable old

man, who came there upon a visit with his daughter, a girl of about sixteen : no, my friend, thou never hast seen so much allurements, brown (observe, my children, that Adela was fair) brown, sprightly, full, replete with wit, graces, and accomplishments ; I could not see her, without falling desperately in love. When she had left the house, I made bold to tell my relation what impression the young lady had made upon my heart. Beware, Duverly, answered she, of harbouring such a passion. Rosina's sole dependence is on a wealthy and very amiable father. A young colonel now in town, has solicited her hand, and promise was made on both sides.—O heaven ! and does Rosina love him ?—Alas ! no, the poor child has fits quite averse to that marriage ; but the will of a father is a law !—How soon is her marriage to take place ?—I do not know : the colonel expects the consent of his family, may arrive tomorrow.

Mrs. des Roches made me also the confidant of many other circumstances : the most pleasing to me was to hear that Rosina came every day quite alone to see her, and staid for whole hours. The father, pursued she, has every possible friendship for me, and is never more pleased than when he knows his daughter is at my house.

I begged leave of Mrs. des Roches to permit me to see the beautiful Rosina at her house, to which she at first thought proper to refuse : but when she saw that I persisted in my intreaties, and dropping down upon my knees, and a torrent of tears gushed from mine eyes, she was at last finally prevailed upon to comply. Thus I had the good fortune to see fair Rosina every day, to declare my passion to her, and to find her soon moved with pity for her distracted

distracted lover. What a difference (continued the traitorous Dufferley) what a difference between my Rosina and your Adela!—Ah! if I was as free as you, I would marry her without delay. If her mother, her father, I say, would give me their consent, as the baroness gives you her daughter!—but;

no, the father, a hard and cruel father, is so overfond of his colonel, that he will make Rosina a sacrifice to interest and rank!—Ah! my friend, you see my disastrous fate! I must renounce the most beautiful, the most amiable young lady!—Oh! how I am to be pitied!

(To be continued.)

A PICTURE of VIRTUE in DISTRESS.

TURNING the corner of a street I met a young woman who begged me to give her something, it would be a great charity. She wept bitterly, her distress affected me; I examined her with attention, and I found in her face much sweetness and many charms, though she was extremely dejected, and seemed to be embarrassed.—Notwithstanding her clothes were worn out, there was something in her appearance, which commanded respect. “Why do you weep?” said I. “Alas! sir, I am in a most miserable condition,” she replied; but in a tone of voice which chilled my blood, and which shewed anguish and despair. I was almost tempted to leave her without inquiring any farther, to spare myself the painful interest that she began to inspire me with; but I could not get the better of the pity I felt for her sufferings; it would have required more resolution than I was master of; and had I given way to caution, I should have been more uncomfortable, than if I had been ever so much affected by her misfortunes. I took her to a place where I might hear her story without being interrupted. “You appear to me, madam, to be very unhappy,” (said I, giving her money) “may I beg to know the cause of

so much affliction?” She only answered at first with sighs, her tears flowed faster than before; at length, being a little pacified—“Since you have the goodness to be interested in my sufferings,” (said she) “I will make you acquainted with the circumstances that have occasioned them. I am of a good family, my father had a considerable place under government in one of the provinces, he died about three years ago, gaming had impaired his fortune, and my mother became a widow with three daughters to provide for, of which I am the eldest.

“My mother and I came to Paris, after having sold all our effects, in order to put an end to a law-suit, which, had we gained, might have re-established our affairs. We have been here eighteen months, the person we are at law with has great interest, he knows that the decision of the court cannot be favorable to him, and has influenced the Judges to defer passing sentence; in consequence of this delay we have been obliged to dispose of every thing we had. In this extremity we have been induced to throw ourselves at the feet of our Judges, to implore their justice: But in court we have always found them surrounded with clients, among whom we did not dare to intrude ourselves in the snub-

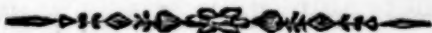
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by condition we are. When we waited upon them at their house, whether it was that our appearance did not attract the attention of their servants, or that we went at improper hours, we were always told their masters were busy, or not at home. By which means we have nobody to defend our cause; our affairs are neglected because we have no longer any money. At length, the misery to which we are reduced, our sufferings, the unwholesome air we breathe, and the obscurity of the place we live in, the pain that my mother endures on my account, and her great age, render her incapable of supporting such an accumulation of distress. She is very ill, and is in want of every thing. I am in despair to see her in this situation; I must besides resist my love and compassion for her. If I listen to them I am ruined. A rich merchant has offered me every possible assistance; but what assistance, sir! he would save the mother's life at the expense of the daughter's honour. This is my situation, can you conceive one more horrible?

I love my mother, and she has the greatest affection for me; she is dying, which makes me tremble for us both; in my affliction I have made her acquainted with the offers of the man which I mentioned to you. I thought when she had heard my story, she would have expired in my arms; she bathed me with her tears, and gave me a look expressive of the greatest despair, then turned her face from me without saying a single word. I do not know why I did not urge her to speak to me. It seemed as if this virtuous woman's courage entirely failed her, and that she sunk under the weight of our misfortunes. For my part, I would die to be relieved from the danger of seeing her.

Every good man will feel how much the discourse of this young woman must have affected me. I gave her what money I could spare, to which I added the most salutary advice her situation suggested, and returned home almost as much afflicted as she was.

[*New Lady's Mag.*]



LETTER of Dr. JOHNSON's to a Friend, on the DEATH of his Wife.

DEAR SIR,

AT a time when all your friends ought to shew their kindness, and with a character which ought to make all that know you your friends, you may wonder that you have yet heard nothing from me.

I have been hindered by a vexatious and incessant cough, which this day seems to remit.

The loss, dear sir, which you have lately suffered, I felt many years ago, and know therefore, how much has been taken from you,

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and how little help can be had from consolation. He that outlives a wife, whom he has long loved, sees himself disjoined from the only mind that has the same hopes, and fears, and interest. From the only companion with whom he has shared much good or evil; and with whom he could set his mind at liberty, to retrace the past, or anticipate the future.

The continuity of being is lacerated; the settled course of sentiment

ment and action is stopped ; and life stands suspended and motionless, till it is driven by external causes into a new channel. But the time of suspense is dreadful.

Our first recourse in this distressed solitude, is, perhaps, for want of habitual piety, to a gloomy acquiescence in necessity. Of two mortal beings, one must lose the other ; but surely there is a higher and

better comfort to be drawn from the consideration of that Providence which watches over all, and a belief that the living and the dead are equally in the hands of God, who will reunite those whom he has separated, or who sees that it is best not to reunite.

I am, dear sir, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON.

Biographical Sketch of JOSEPH MARIA PANCRAZI.

" Wits live obscurely, men know not how ; or die obscurely, men know not when."

ASCHAM.

" **F**ORTUNE has rarely condescended to be the companion of merit. Even in these enlightened times men of letters have lived in obscurity, while their reputation was widely spread ; and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the booksellers.

That generous warmth of soul which encouragement might have enlivened into gratitude, or bounty elevated to ambition, has too frequently been extinguished by the tears neglect has caused it to shed. Want and dependence check the flights of genius, obstruct every noble effort of the mind, and "chill the genial current of the soul."

A person endowed with superior mental faculties in distress, was, by the ancients, very aptly shadowed under the emblem of Minerva in a poor habit, having her right hand chained to a huge stone lying on the ground, whilst her left hand, which is furnished with a pair of wings, is held aloft ; signifying the ardor with which GENIUS aspires to the noblest things, whilst unhappiness of condition restrains its endeavours and prevents the accomplishment of its desires.

A little memorandum by the late Thomas Hollis Esq. (the munificent benefactor to Harvard university) led to these humiliating remarks.

There was something very affecting in the fate of Father Pancrazi. The learning and the merit of this excellent and hospitable man were known and admired throughout Italy. Yet these empty applauses, sometimes leavened with malignant envy, were the only rewards obtained from his industrious application to literary pursuits, his extensive erudition, and bounteous generosity. Wholly engaged in his studies and his devotions he took no thought for the necessary supplies of life. His resources, every day lessening in acts of charity and hospitality, and in the purchase of rare and valuable books, were at length exhausted. He became extremely poor. It was now, however, that he began his much admired work on the Antiquities of Sicily.* This he composed, as the celebrated Johnson says he did his dictionary, "with little assistance from the learned, and without any patronage of the great ; amidst inconvenience and distraction,

* *Antichita Siciliane*. Napol. 1751. 2 vol. fol.

distraction, sickness and sorrow;" and much of his time was unavoidably spent in making provision for the day, which was passing over him. Many who read his book with admiration knew of his necessities, yet no one relieved them. "In the autumn of 1752, says Mr. Hollis,* he lodged in a Theatin convent, the convent of his order, at Naples. There he was attacked by a violent fever, which impaired and broke his constitution. In that feeble state, however, he applied to his work; and, in order more speedily to publish the third volume of it, found

means, in the year 1753, to sell a few rare medals which he had collected, to the king, by whom he had the honour to be personally known and respected. The superior of the convent somehow got intelligence of that transaction, claimed the money arising from the sale of the medals for the uses of the convent, and obtained it. When Father Pancrazi became apprized of the event he went distracted directly; and after languishing, with intervals, miserably some years, at length ended his wretched life."

* See a note in his own hand writing, in the first volume of the above work in the Library of Harvard University: to which Mr. Hollis makes this addition, "this good man rendered me hospitality, and by his letters I travelled throughout Sicily and Malta."



A CURIOUS FACT.

[From a Delaware Paper.]

I SEND you an account of a curious fact, which I have often heard asserted, but which never came fully under my notice till very lately. During several weeks of last summer, one of my milch-cows very frequently gave clotted blood from one of her teats, which, whenever this was the case, appeared much scratched and inflamed. The milkmaid insisted she was sucked by a snake, and said it was frequently the case in Maryland. I paid but little attention to her remark at first. Observing the animal so affected, I had her put into a separate pasture, and then no accident happened for several days. Thinking she might now be suffered to graze with the other cattle, she was put into her former pasture, and immediately her milk and teat was affected as above. I determined to have her watched; she seemed very uneasy towards evening, always repaired to the same

spot of the field about that time, and lowed violently as if she had lost her calf. One evening, as I was walking towards her, I saw a large black snake very near her: It slipped away on perceiving me, to an adjoining grass field, and we could not find it again. The cow was removed to a different pasture soon after, and nothing uncommon was observed either in her milk or teat. Early this spring she was put with other cattle, into the field where the snake was seen last August. She began to low as calling her calf; and a little girl who was watching her, saw the snake near her. It fled to a stump upon seeing her. She ran home to call one of the men, who immediately accompanied her to the spot, found the snake, killed it, and brought it home. It measured near four feet; was of the black kind, and resembled exactly the one I saw near the cow last summer. I cannot help concluding

cluding from these circumstances, that it was the same snake; and if the cow should not be affected in the same manner during the course of this summer, I think we may

reasonably suppose that the uncommon appearance of her milk and teat, must have arisen from her being sucked by this reptile.

ANECDOTE of Dr. JOHNSON.

A RUDE custom prevailed for those who sailed upon the river Thames to accost each other in the most abusive and satirical language. A fellow having in this

situation attacked Dr. Johnson with some coarse raillery, he answered, "Sir, your wife, under pretence of keeping a bawdy house, is a receiver of stolen goods."

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A S E R M O N.

GENESIS III, 16.

Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

UPON a survey of the material world, the great Architect pronounced it good. To partake of the blessings of creation, God formed numberless classes of beings and endowed with powers that fitted them for their respective stations. To contemplate the beauties of creation; to rule the animal world, and to enjoy the pleasures of reason and virtue. He formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into him the breath of life. To man he imparted a spark of his own intelligence, and instamped upon him his image. Compassionating his solitary condition, he gave him a companion possessed of all the graces and sensibilities of beauty, modesty and innocence. With her he was to enjoy the rich and various blessings of heaven, and to participate in all the endearments of social life.

In a discourse from the passage of scripture before us.—I shall il-

lustrate the following propositions.

1. The design of woman's creation was, that she might devote herself to the concerns of domestic life. Thy desire shall be to thy husband.

2. That woman ought to be subject to the direction of man, he, *thy husband*, shall rule over thee.

1. The design of woman's creation was, that she might devote herself to the concerns of domestic life.

The design of every being may be learned from the constitution of his nature.

Man was formed out of the dust of the ground. His nerves are vigorous, and his general frame is robust and hardy: Hence his aptitude for the busy scenes of the world, his fondness for the noise and bustle of society, his ambition for places of difficulty and danger.

Woman was not made of rough materials. The clay that formed for

man was a second time sublimated for the composition of woman. She is therefore a less simple, but a more refined being than man. Her delicate frame is not suited for the more laborious and perplexing scenes of human life; like the sensitive plant, she shrinks from the rougher impressions of difficulty and danger. She was taken from the head to superintend and direct the important affairs of society; she was not taken from the limbs of more immediate action to be the slave of man and to execute his lordly mandates; but she was taken from the side, the seat of the tender affections. In her are concentrated all the nicer feelings, the more refined sensibilities of human nature. She is formed for the soft and tender relations of a friend, a wife and a mother. Observation will confirm this reasoning upon the female frame: Solomon declares, and who can dispute the experience of Solomon, Solomon declares that a man among a thousand he had found averse to the endearments of domestic life, but a woman he had never found. Universal history gives its testimony to the truth of this maxim of the wise man. While men tread the theatre of ambition for empty fame, or grovel in the dust, their native soil, for paltry gold, women collect for the social amusements of the tea table or the assembly-room. While the phlegmatic constitutions of men suffer them to set like statues torpid and dumb, the more delicate nerves of women vibrate at sight of each other, and the ingenuousness of their hearts gives perpetual volubility to their tongues. While we are speaking of the general propensity of women for society, I would notice a *particular bias*, arising from the perpetual tendency of the matter of which

they are composed, to reunite to its original substance.

I pass to consider the second head of our subject, viz.

2. Women ought to be subject to men. He, *thy husband*, shall rule over thee.

This proposition is a consequence of the former.

The business of man is to enter into serious action, that he may acquire the means of amusement and pleasure to women. While therefore women stimulate men, by all the arts of persuasion, to exertion, they must allow them to judge of the extent of their abilities, and to determine the extent of the supplies which they can furnish for recreation and amusement.

A few practical reflections will close the discourse.

1. Since the concerns of domestic life are the peculiar province of women, they have at least in these relations equal privileges with man; yet the tyrannic customs of the world forbid them to make the first overtures, and many a fine woman is obliged alone to tread the dreary path of life, the chief design of her existence unaccomplished. And in this place I must bring into view that insignificant, inanimate, worthless animal, I can't find words to express my contempt—an old bachelor. Whether he be more the object of scorn than of pity is not easy to determine, so we will leave him in the arms of insensibility, which is the most congenial to his disposition.

2. Let women be content to move in that sphere, which nature has marked out to them. Let them not lose the softer traits of female delicacy in the masculine airs of the other sex. May not placid features be distorted by anger, nor native charms, in themselves irresistible,

ble, be rendered ridiculous by vanity and affectation. Strive not to tease and vex that being, to promote whose happiness, was one reason of your formation ; but may purity of sentiment, refinement of expression, and dignity of manners ever be the attendants of beings on earth, the most accomplished, the most perfect. But should any of the sex fall from this delicacy of behaviour, load her not with that weight of abuse and infamy which will prevent her reascending the seat of virtue, while you permit the criminal agent of her ruin to go unpunished, and perhaps to glory in his shame. Combine to brand the man with infamy who can treat you with dishonour, and in this way bring impudence and villainy into disgrace.

And thou, O man ! who boastest of thy superiority, act agreeably to thy arrogant pretensions. Recoil from the thought of baseness and cruelty, to beings placed in any degree dependent on thee.

Give not pain to the breast that

was formed to be the seat of softness and humanity. Aim not to ensnare the heart that has been taught to look up to thee for support and protection. By your behaviour prove that you are worthy of confidence.

To conclude.

May the courage and strength of one sex protect the innocence and beauty of the other. As you, O man ! are indebted to the female sex, for the refinements and the happiness of social life, do you repay them, by the cheerful performance of the laborious offices of society, and strive to render those acts of attention and benevolence, pleasant, which their station obliges them to receive from you.

As man labours, O woman ! that the fruits of his toils may administer to your convenience and pleasure, condescend to soothe his afflictions, to soften his cares, and to render his fatigues light and easy. Thus may you mutually endeavour to make the road of life pleasant and happy.



DIGNITY of the British HOUSE of COMMONS.

[From Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.]

I TOLD Dr. Johnson that I was engaged as counsel at the bar of the House of Commons, to oppose a road-bill in the county of Stirling, and asked him what mode he would advise me to follow in addressing such an audience ? "Why, sir, you must provide yourself with a good deal of extraneous matter, which you are to produce occasionally, so as to fill up the time ; for you must consider, that they do not listen much : If you begin with the strength of your cause, it may be lost before they begin to listen.

When you catch a moment of attention, press the merits of the question upon them." He said, as to one point of the merits, that he thought "it would be a wrong thing to deprive the small landholders of the privileges of assessing themselves for making and repairing the high roads ; *it was destroying so much liberty, without a good reason, which was always a bad thing.*" When I mentioned this observation next day to Mr. John Wilkes, he replied, "What ! does he talk of liberty ? Liberty is as ridiculous

diculous in *his* mouth, as *religion* in *mine*." Mr. Wilkes's advice, as to the best mode of speaking at the bar of the House of Commons, was not more respectful to the Senate, than that of Dr. Johnson. "Be as

impudent as you can, and say whatever comes uppermost. Jack Lee is the best heard there of any counsel; and he is the most impudent dog, and always abusing us."

CHARLOTTE, or the POWER of VIRTUE.

CHARLOTTE was sixteen, and very pretty; she had lost her mother, and being deprived of her assistance, was reduced to keep a flock of sheep. One day she went to offer her customary tribute to her mother's shade, a cup of pure water and the choicest flowers. When the young orphan in the bitterness of her woe, had three times walked round her tomb in silence, under the shade of the cypress trees that surrounded it; she sat down and exclaimed, "O thou most affectionate of mothers! may thy example, which is ever present to my imagination, cause me to admire the power of virtue; yes, it is the remembrance of thee, who art still so dear to me, that has rescued my innocence from the snares of a seducer: May I ever follow thy footsteps. Know then the dangers by which I have been so much alarmed: In what other breast could I give vent to my tears? Nothing shall be concealed from thee. Fatigued from the noise of Athens, the lord of this country came to seek that tranquillity which is to be found upon the banks of these rivulets: The other day he accosted me, and with an air of great kindness, admired the flock entrusted to my care, and paid me many handsome compliments: When he looked at me, his eyes seemed to sparkle with inexpressible joy. I said to myself,

"how good our master is!" The rich are happy, they deserve to be so; I cannot in the least contribute to the blessings he already enjoys but at the foot of the altar in this rural temple, I will ever offer up my prayers for him: But how simple are we villagers! The next day I met him by accident not far from the grove, "stop," (said he) "and receive this pledge of my affection;" he then put a gold ring on my finger, I blushing cast my eyes upon the ground. "Dost thou see," (said he,) "that pretty child upon the ring who has wings, and smiles like thee?" It is in his power to make thee happy; he pressed my hand, and his voice found its way to the bottom of my heart. He loves thee, Charlotte, and has more than a father's tender care for thee; "but," said I to myself, in what manner couldst thou have merited the kindness of so great a nobleman? These, my dear mother, were then the reflections of thy daughter. The gods are witness how I was deceived, and how far I was from suspecting the danger which I was in; that morning he called me into the orchard, I cannot think of it without horror! I hastened there to him: He took my hand, and gently pressing it, "come," said the charming beauty, "leave thy flock for a moment, I am very fond of flowers, will you have the goodness to bring me

me some into this arbour?" Being credulous, I gathered the finest I could find, and joyfully ran to present him with them. "What grace," he exclaimed, "how much more charming are these roses from the hands of Charlotte!" then giving way to the passion with which he was inflamed—immortal gods! I tremble at it yet; he seized me, and suddenly taking me in his arms, he pressed me to his bosom with great violence; he made use of the most tender arguments, that love could suggest. I trembled and burst into tears; too weak to resist a seducer, I implored his pity, but in vain;—must I at length declare, that had it not been for thee, thy daughter would have been forever unhappy. At that instant I thought I saw thy avenging ghost; I immediately found my strength redoubled, and by a great effort I escaped from the arms of Myfis, and am come to offer thee tears of joy for my deliverance. O dearest mother, for so great a benefit, deign to receive my warmest gratitude; yes, it is the remembrance of thee who art still so dear to me, that has rescued my innocence from the snares of a seducer. Ah! if ever I forget the kind advice thou gavest me, in thy last moments; if the torch of thy wisdom should cease to direct my last steps, may I be left in this wicked world alone, forsaken by thee, and may the gods no longer keep me under their protection: so young, alas! how great is my misfortune to lose thee! Must I be, ye gods, like the tender flower,

which, for want of something to support it, droops its head and falls? Thy shade from heaven descended will divert the storm that threatens my youth. May the fear of the gods, wisdom, and modesty, reign in my heart, and may they be reflected in my countenance." She spoke; and her eyes yet moist with her tears, she had that graceful timidity which modesty gives to beauty. A delightful glow animated her face, which might be compared to the heavens resuming their serenity after a storm; more satisfied and not less captivating, Charlotte left this melancholy place. Myfis suddenly appears, tears of contrition fall from his eyes; ah, pardon me thou most amiable of women, it is the most sincere remorse that brings me into thy presence; when thou wert in conversation with thy mother, this thicket hid me from thy view. I have heard every thing, deign to forget my great fault: Thy modesty and goodness have covered me with confusion. I admire thee as much as I love thee, I triumph over my own inclinations, and it is thou that art intitled to the reward for it. Preserve thy beauty and be happy: the half of the flock under thy care, the cottage and the field adjoining to it are thine, do not refuse them; I ask no other return but the heartfelt pleasure of rewarding a young woman, in whom I find so much perfection. May a husband worthy of thy love complete thy happiness, and may each day pay homage to thy virtue.



A N E C D O T E.

AN English gentleman mentioned, that he was born in Moorfields, and was educated in

Grub-street. One present replied, Sir, you have been regularly educated.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The INVESTIGATOR. No. III.

Whate'er we do, let *honour* us control,
 It shields our virtue and secures us fame;
 Gains us the wise man's praise, the good man's prayer,
 And makes us happy in a life's review.

BY Honour, I mean that, which prompts us to perform things consistent with the laws of God and society; things, which enrich the performer without injuring either his neighbour, or his country. It is a pair of scales suspended in the mind, and guarded by conscience; in which every man should weigh his thoughts, words and actions. It is as necessary for us so to conduct, as to exist: Not only for the benefit, which will accrue to us as individuals, but as a community.

There is nothing which ennobles a government so much as the freedom and honour it possesses. It is from that only you can calculate its increase and perpetuity. Riches are of no further use to a nation, or people, than this. That they are thereby rendered able to oppose the hostile attacks of its tyrannical neighbours. It cannot promote the happiness of a people, unless applied to initiate them in the useful arts and sciences. For this reason, the first aim of a free people should be, to improve themselves in the knowledge of divine law and human frailty. By this means, like a good general, they would know where to place the strongest guard. They should so compile the laws of their country, and so connect them with those of their Creator, that a violation of one would be an infringement upon the other. In so doing, they would be few, clear and righteous. The minds of the people would be easy and enlarged; confusion and enthusiasm would subside, and each would rely upon the hon-

Vol. VI.

G

our of the whole. Honour, thus considered, would be the greatest bulwark, the greatest security a nation could have. They need neither fear disturbances abroad, or commotions at home; but may rest assured of the smiles of God and the blessings of heaven.

I would not, however, be understood, in using the word honour as a modern; no, far from that; we, unhappily, have confounded and mixed its meaning with that of *pride* and *self-conceit*. So synonymous have become these terms, that when a modern's pride is injured, he immediately demands satisfaction for the wound his *honour* has sustained. Such also is the case with the self-conceited, arrogant fool.

For these reasons I have undertaken the subject before me. It is from the prostitution of that noble epithet, that exalted title, that vice is triumphant, and virtue neglected, that men grow negligent, and sinners become plenty.

Such is the state of man, that he cannot injure himself without injuring the community; he cannot commit a vice without corrupting his mind, and one corrupted mind, like a foul stream, too often tends to corrupt the whole body. This, I should conceive, was sufficient to excite men to honour, if it were only for honour's sake.

What is the condition of that person, who has lost his reputation, but the most wretched, the most detestable? and, what is reputation but honour? No person, according

to

to my idea of man, would wish to live mistrusted, detested, and despised; and such surely is the case with him, who has lost his honour, who has, as it were, separated himself from the laws of God and society. Like the robber, he depends upon the weakness and innocence of his opponents; and like the robber, not so easily detected.

They sap the foundation of domestic and national happiness; destroy the confidence, which man places in man, which confidence arises from the noble ideas we entertain of our brethren. This is most certainly weakened, when those upon whom we rely are found without principle, or honour. The more this takes place, the more distrustful we grow; and the more distrustful we grow, the more unhappy and miserable we are. The more private faith and public confidence is doubted, the more jealous and uneasy individuals are forced to be.

Curfed then be the man, who by his viciousness and depravity fetches a curse upon his country. Like Hastings, let him be damned in his own

name, and all the people say, amen.

Honour is the noblest characteristic of a nation, the greatest ornament of a people, and highest comment, that can be bestowed on man. For which reason, *honourable*, in a free country, is bestowed on those, who have been conspicuous in promoting the cause of Christianity; in guarding and defending the rights and privileges of that country. For such then let it be preserved, and merit and patriotism will receive their reward; virtue will be encouraged, and vice detested.—The people will increase and flourish; the temple of discord will be shut, and on it sealed *eternity*. Riches will be esteemed as only serviceable to preserve the body, whereas they are now the greatest road to honour and preferment.

As this is the age of reason and improvement, I feel a satisfaction in hoping to add the "age of honour;" an age, which no country will arrive to sooner than America.

'Tis for her sons, to them 'tis kindly given,
To be both great below, and great in heaven.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

R E V I E W.

An Apology for Christianity. In a series of Letters, addressed to Edward Gibbon, Esq. author of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Being a necessary and instructive Appendix thereto. By R. Watson, D.D. F.R.S. Price 4s6.

THE present edition has been committed to the press, at the instance of some, who, though not called by Providence to the public defence of the Religion of Jesus, yet esteem it their inestimable treasure, and ardently pray for the dissemination of its principles and blessings among mankind.

This volume will be found entertaining and improving to those who are strangers to Mr. Gibbon, as containing a happy arrangement of some of the leading arguments in support of Christianity; and of rational replies, combating the sophisms and ungenerous insinuations which have been uttered against it. The

The readers and admirers of the historian, will consider it as a necessary and instructive Appendix to the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. It discovers deep thought, and extensive reading, and breathes a calm, a manly, and a Christian temper. The polished style of Dr. Watson is compared by Mr. Gibbon himself to the smoothness of the Ionic dialect.

But the subsequent candid acknowledgment of the historian, who in defending himself against other antagonists, declined a public controversy with our author, will make further observations unnecessary.

"When Dr. Watson gave to the public his Apology for Christianity in a series of letters, he addressed them to the Author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, with a just confidence, that he had considered this important object in a manner not un-

"worthy of his antagonist, or of himself. Dr. Watson's mode of thinking, bears a liberal and philosophical cast; his thoughts are expressed with spirit, and their spirit is always tempered by politeness and moderation. Such is the man whom I should be happy to call my friend, and whom I should not blush to call my antagonist. But the same motives which might tempt me to accept, or even to solicit a private and amicable conference, dissuaded me from entering into a public controversy with a writer of so respectable a character; and I embraced the earliest opportunity of expressing to Dr. Watson himself, how sincerely I agreed with him in thinking, that 'as the world is now possessed of the opinion of us both upon the subject in question, it may be, perhaps, as proper for us both to leave it in this state,'"

* Gibbon's Vindication of some passages against several opponents.

An attempt to translate the prophetic part of the Apocalypse of St. John into familiar language, by divesting it of the metaphors in which it is involved.—

By James Winthrop, Esq.—8vo. price 1/6.

(Concluded from page 364.)

OUR author illustrates some of his definitions by coins and other devices. The reader may judge of the support derived from these allusions, by the following example—"Coloured horses represent the different situations of the church, after the conversion of the empire; being devices chosen by Constantine, and his immediate successors, and serving as chronological distinctions."—"This definition is supported by the following coins—When Constantine succeeded his father, A.D. 306, he struck a coin, in which he appeared on horseback, treading down his enemies, with a glory about the head

of his horse, and one of his enemies presenting him with a crown of laurel, and at the same time receiving the point of his spear. This is the only instance of the radiated horse, and agrees to the white horse of the first seal.

"The second period, or that of the red horse, lasted twenty years, and comprehends the reign of the sons of Constantine, till A.D. 360. The device of an horseman treading down his enemies, without those marks of glory peculiar to Constantine, expresses, as well as can be done on metals, the red horse, whose rider had power to take peace from the earth. The third period

period is the short and inglorious reign of Julian, from A.D. 360 to 364. Constantine's white horse was represented with a glory—Julian, by way of insult, reversed the figure, and represented the horse stumbling, and the footman triumphing over him. This circumstance, and the natural connexion between darkness and stumbling, point out the black horse." Most of the definitions have *less* support—to us they appear arbitrary.

The definitions are applied with uniformity through the work, and the whole series of prophecies are in such a manner translated, as to form a plain and connected meaning. The style is perspicuous and classical. In some instances, our author has not preserved the dignity of the original, nor equalled the common version. The flowing language of the 2d verse of the 14th chapter, he has translated—And the government made a proclamation for a general thanksgiving.

Mr. Winthrop supposes that there cannot be "two systematic readings of the whole book, radically different from each other." We conceive that much less ingenuity and learning than he possesses, would be sufficient to invent definitions of the terms and emblems, which would apply to some profession or occupation of civil life, with as great uniformity as his apply to civil government on the basis of Christiani-

ty, and the result be a meaning as plain and connected.

Should no wit apply to Mr. W. the sarcasm of M. Voltaire upon Sir Isaac Newton, yet we apprehend he will swell the catalogue of unsuccessful commentators upon the apocalypse of St. John. It is with diffidence we give this opinion; the pamphlet, we unreservedly recommend to general perusal, as the work of the scholar, the philosopher, and the Christian.

We select the history of the reformation in Germany, under Luther, &c.

TRANSLATION.

13 And at the beginning of the sixth period the cry for a reformation became general in the Christian church.

14 And the believers, who had been restrained by the Papal hierarchy, demanded liberty of conscience.

15 And the progress of reformation was limited in its operation to somewhat more than 391 years; which term is divided into one year, thirty years, and three hundred and sixty years, in which space a third part of the Papal empire shall be taken off.

16 And the number of the reformers was very great.

17 And they were armed with truth, sagacity, and severity; and they proceeded with courage, and defended themselves with truth and the severity of wit.

18 And by these qualities in their preaching was a third part of the Papal empire detached from its allegiance to its federal head:

19 For the power of the reformers consisted in their preaching, which left a lasting wound on their adversaries like the sting of a serpent.

ANECDOTE of POPE.

POPE pretended to hate kings, but professed great esteem for the then prince of Wales. His Royal Highness asked him, *how he could love a prince, while he disliked*

kings? Pope answered, the young lion is harmless and even playful; but when his claws are full grown, he becomes cruel, dreadful, and mischievous.

CABINET



CABINET OF APOLLO.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

ON HOPE.

Humbly inscribed to Miss H— by her friend
and admirer,
LINUS.

COME, gentle hope; descend celestial
maid,
In all the robes of happiness arrayed:
Without thy smiles, without thy quicken-
ing breath,
All action ceases, and each thought is
death!
Without thy aid, creation veils her face,
And beauty loses its attractive grace;
Despair ensues; blood starts through eve-
ry pore;
The world expires; existence is no more.
Thou canst all future into present bring,
And glad the soul with one continued
spring;
Bid all Parnassus pass before our eyes,
Whose glories charm and soar above the
skies.
There dwell the *Muses*, there *Apollo* reigns,
Lord of the summit and surrounding
plains.
Casalian springs their bubbling waters roll,
To raise the genius and exalt the soul.
New wonders rise to view in every age,
Exalt the man, and dignify the page:
The summit's bottom darkens into shame,
But, on the top, there stands eternal fame:
Promotion waves her silken banners
round;
Undying honours tread the hallowed
ground;
There dwells in radiant dress attractive
truth,
There pleasure brightens in eternal youth.
Make man your study and peculiar care,
'Tis this and books will only mount you
there.
Books are the steps by which we must a-
rise, [wise;
Abhorred by fools, companions of the
One source from which the streams of
knowledge run,
As fire at first descended from the sun.

Mount with a steady step, nor let the way,
Tho' steep at first, retard you, or dismay:
Combat each obstacle with manly force,
Nor start astonished at your destined
course:

Hope still continued—rise! ye females,
rise,

Ascend the summit and out-top the skies;
There, with *Apollo*, and the tuneful nine,
Both learn in rapture and in death re-
fine.

How grand the prospect which is viewed
from thence!

And, oh! how pleasing to the mental
sense!

The *Druid* dancers blow the *Cyrian* string,
Old *Rome* and *Athens* from their ashes
spring;

Patriots and heroes from their dust arise,
And gathering thunder sparkle in their
eyes:

Carthage appears! oh, *Rome*, thy dread-
ed foe,

And *Hannibal* with lightning on his bow.
The ancient victors from remotest days,
Who fought for virtue and who died for
praise:

The happy few, who studied to impart
Fair learning's store and civilize the
heart;

Who roused each latent spark, until the
flame

Blazed into honours and undying fame;
Who touched each tender feeling till they
roll,

In streams of love, fast binding soul to
soul.

Far nobler wonders still immerse in sight,
The starry system each a world of light;
The planets running their harmonious
round,

And comets blazing thro' the vast pro-
found.

The sun, like *Atlas*, standing in his might
And cheering distant regions with his
light;

How natural causes their effects produce,
And nature's varied properties and use.

From

From hence we view all nature as it lies,
And MAN, that little world below the
skies;

Then turn aloft and view the living soul,
Who moves and governs and directs the
whole.

This is the height; come, let us all as-
pire;

Ye female bosoms catch the generous fire.

Extracted for the MASSACHUSETTS MAG-
AZINE.

The PHILOSOPHER and the COX-
COMB.

Written by the late Mr. CAWTHORN.

A COXCOMB once in Handel's par-
lour found

A Grecian lyre, and try'd to make it
sound;

O'er the side stops his awkward fist he
flings,

And rudely presses on the elastic strings:
Awaken'd discord shrieks and scolds, and
raves,

Wild as the dissonance of winds and
waves,

Loud as a wapping mob at midnight
bawls,

Harsh as ten chariots rolling round St.
Paul's;

And hoarser far than all th' extatic race,
Whose drunken orgies stun'd the wilds of
Thrace.

Friend, quoth the sage, that fine machine
contains

Exacter numbers and diviner strains.

Strains, such as once could build the The-
ban wall,

And stop the mountain torrent in its fall;
But yet to wake them, rouse them, and
inspire,

Asks a fine finger, and a touch of fire,
A feeling soul, whose all expressive powers,
Can copy nature as she sinks or soars;
And, just alike to passion, time, and place,
Refine correctness into ease and grace.
He said—and flying o'er each quiv'ring
wire,

Spread his light hand, and swept it on the
lyre,

Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,
The sound to kindle, and the air to flow,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling floods,
Sweet as the warblers of the vocal woods;
The list'ning passions hear, and sink, and
rise,

As the rich harmony, or swells, or dies,
The pulse of AVARICE forgets to move,
A purer rapture fills the breast of LOVE;

DEVOTION lifts to heaven a holier eye,
And bleeding RIVY heaves a softer sigh.

Life has its ease, amusement, joy and fire,
Hid in itself, as music in the lyre;

And, like the lyre, will all its pow'rs im-
part,

When touch'd and manag'd by the hand
of art:

But half mankind, like Handel's fool, de-
stroy,

Through rage and ignorance, the strain of
joy;

Irregularly wild their passions roll
Through nature's finest instrument, the
SOUL.

While men of sense, with Handel's happier
skill,

Correct the taste, and harmonize the will,
Teach their affections, like his notes, to
flow,

Not rais'd too high, nor ever sunk too low,
Till ev'ry virtue, measur'd and refin'd,

As fits the concert of the master mind,
Melts in its kindred sounds, and pours a-
long

The according music of the moral song.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

L I N E S,

*Addressed to a mother, occasioned by the death of
her amiable little daughter—from her sympa-
thetic friend, L I N U S.*

A CCEPT an ardent wish to heal
The wounds, maternal passions feel;
My tender breast with pity glows,
And pants to mitigate your woes.
But, ah! methinks I hear you say,
"What comfort can my grief allay?
What can assuage the thrilling smart,
And ease the anguish of my heart?
How often has the parent smiled,
When she beheld her darling child?
With what delight these tender arms
Embraced the lovely infant's charms?
With what maternal fondness prest,
The smiling beauty to my breast?
But, ah! these pleasing scenes are o'er,
And the sweet babe is now no more!
The cold remains the grave receives,
While the sad sigh my bosom heaves.
What then can mitigate my pain?
I mourn, I weep, alas, in vain!"

Yet let kind sympathy apply
Her balm, to check the rising sigh:
Her soft, her soothing language hear,
To wipe the unavailing tear.
Affliction is no casual thing,
Nor from the dust do sorrows spring.

To

To trouble we are born, my friend,
As certain as the sparks ascend.
What numerous ills our lives annoy!
How lasting grief! How transcient joy!
New objects of delight we see,
And chase the phantoms as they flee:
How soon are all our comforts fled!
How soon shall friends pronounce us dead!
Death snatched the child from your embrace,

To lodge it in a happier place:
Now in a gracious Saviour's arms,
It calmly smiles secure from harms.
I see, or seem to see, the child,
Her lovely face divinely mild;
In robes of spotless white she stands,
Celestial palms adorn her hands:
While listening fancy hears her say—
"O, cease, fond poet, cease your lay;
And tell my parents I'm secure,
Where pain and death shall come no more.
Here God the judge of all displays,
His glorious, uncreated blaze;
Here the adored Redeemer lives,
Whose matchless grace our sins forgives;
Here happy saints and angels dwell,
In bliss no mortal words can tell."

Thus speaks thy child, and sweetly sings
The praises of the king of kings.
O! then let faith divine engage,
And point you to the sacred page:
There read, and there this truth behold,
More precious than the choicest gold,
He who presides in heavenly light,
Ordains all things wise, good, and right;
He gives, and he resumes again,
Then blest, forever blest, his name.

AN ODE TO TRUTH.

SAY, shall no white-robed son of light,
Swift darting from his heavenly height,
Here deign to take his hallowed stand;
Here wave his amber locks; unfold
His pinions clothed with downy gold;
Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand?

And you, ye hosts of saints, for ye have known
Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,
Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne
With harpings high of inexpressive praise,
Will not your train descend in radiant state,
To break, with mercy's beams, this gathering cloud of fate?

'Tis silence all. No son of light
Darts swiftly from his heavenly height,
No train of radiant saints descend;
"Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,

If vice, if guilt has stain'd your mind,
Or saints to hear, or angels to defend."

So truth proclaims; I hear the sacred sound
Burst from the centre of his burning throne;
Where aye she sits with star-decked lustre crowned,
A bright sun lights her adamant zone,
So truth proclaims; her awful voice I hear;
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

Attend, ye sons of men, attend and say,
Does not enough of your refulgent ray
Break thro' the veil of your mortality?
Say, does not reason in this form descry
Unnumbered, nameless glories that surpass

The angel's floating pomp, the seraph's glowing grace?

Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? shall she whose brightest eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whose cheek but mocks the rose's bloom,
Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whose melting voice the warbling wood-lark's lays;

Shall she be deemed my rival? shall a form

Of elemental dross, of mouldering clay,
Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm

Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day

Shall pass, and she is gone; while I appear;

Flushed with the bloom of youth thro' heaven's eternal year.

Know, mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,
Ere first these orbs in ether hung,
I shone amidst the heavenly throng;
These eyes beheld creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught archangels their triumphant song.

Pleased I surveyed bright nature's gradual birth,

Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread,

Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flowering earth,

And ocean heave on his extended bed;
Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,
The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly:

Last MAN arose erect in youthful grace,
Heaven's hallowed image stamped upon his face,

And

And as he rose the high behest was given,
That I alone of all the hosts of heaven,
Should reign protectress of the god-like
youth ;—

Thus th' Almighty spake : he spake, and
called me TRUTH.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

To the HERMIT.

NIGHT robed in sober gray began to
reign :

Hushed was the melody of ev'ry plain.
Each wearied beast retired to early rest,
And every bird sunk silent in his nest.
Uncommon lustre from the full-moon
beamed,

Half changed to noon the lonely midnight
seemed.

No noise was heard, save the unfrequent
gale,

And distant dogs that hunted in the vale.
Such was the night, when to the grove
I strayed,

To meditate beneath the silent shade.

A rock I found, that reared its lofty brow,
And looked contemptuous on the plains
below ;

A small, smooth stream, that kissed the
rock's low base,
Smiled thro' the rushes with unruffled
face.

Here, while I sat upon the time-worn rock,
And o'er my head high hung the verdent
oak,

The great renown of bards of former days,
Their lettered relics of eternal praise,
Employed my mind. Homer, the bard
of Greece,

Who sung the feats of war and scenes of
peace :

Virgil, who softly struck the Roman shell,
And sung how Trojan heroes fought and
fell :

Milton, seraphic bard, whose numbers scan
The war of angles and the lapse of man ;
Old Ossian too, poetically wild,
The boast of genius, nature's happy child ;
Who loved to sing the fall of warring hosts,
To sound their fame and sooth their angry
ghosts.

While these old bards employed my drow-
sy mind,

My weary limbs upon the rock reclined,
Sudden a sound came floating on the gale,
And swelling, sweetly rolled along the vale ;
Seraphic harps and heavenly-softened
tongues

In sweetest concert, joined their happy
songs.

I looked : A cloud in majesty serene,
Far o'er the dusky desert now is seen.
Slowly it rises ; lo ! an angel stands,
The book of fate high lifted in his hands.
A host of angels circle him afar,
And ride sublime upon the cloudy car.
His countenance seems brighter than the
sun,

And ten-fold glories round the vision run.
Hoarse o'er the hills the winds begin to
rise,

Loud as ten thunders rumbling thro' the
skies ;

The trees uprooted twirl along the plain ;
The shattered cottage scours the air a-
main ;

Egyptian darkness fills the dread profound,
And the big thunder rolls his voice around.
With sun-like blaze the forked lightnings
fly,

And day and night alternate reign on
high :

The mountains shake, the hills uplifted
move,

And storms seem rushing from the world
above.

To yonder mount the awful cloud re-
tires,

And on its summit lifts its winding spires :
High on the top th' angelic chief appears,
A sage he seems of wisdom and of years ;
At well-known distance round their leader
stand,

In seraph smiles, the heaven descended
band.

And now the chief, with ever-winning
grace,

Rises, and bids the war of nature cease.

Hush, as the house of death, all nature
seems,

And double glory from the vision beams.
The mighty angel silent stands awhile ;
Then bowing with a love-endearing smile,
Thus the throng harangues :

" Ye guardians of virtue and art here
below, [slow !

From whom all the pleasures of harmony
Attend to the mandates which now I shall
give, [you receive.

And conceal in your breasts every word
From the regions of bliss, the worlds of
delight,

Again to the earth I have taken my flight,
To cull from his sons a youth of renown,
And to place on his head the poetical
crown.

Thro' all the wide world for this youth
have I fought ;

A period at length to my searching is
brought :

The

The youth have I found : now, ye angels,
 rejoice
 And raise to the heavens the notes of your
 voice.
 Among all the nobles that shine on the
 earth,
 Distinguish'd by honour, by talents or
 birth,
 There's none like the HERMIT, that mu-
 sical sage,
 The pride of his friends and flower of his
 age.
 Let him be your charge, ye Guardians of
 fame,
 Instruct him in virtue and honour his
 name.
 Like a sun, let him light the poetical
 world ;
 Let the banners of glory o'er his head be
 unfurl'd.
AMERICAN HOMER, the youth shall
 be call'd,
 And his name with the greatest of sages
 enroll'd.
 Watch over his ways : give him pleasure
 and health,
 The blessing of friends and a plenty of
 wealth.
 For science renown'd and in honesty bold,
 Let his glory eclipse all the sages of old ;
 Go, seraphs, preserve him and teach him
 to rise
 "Till his fame fills the earth and his glory
 the skies."
 He spake ; and all the seraphs quickly flew
 To guard the youth : they to their charge
 are true.
 The godlike form that on the dark cloud
 stood
 Soared to the sky his high serene abode.
 All things again their usual figure took,
 And early morning o'er the mountain
 broke. LINUS.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The PLEASURES of FANCY.

SWEET attic warbler of the spray,
 Awhile suspend your pleasing lay ;
 Ye gales your gentle breaths forbear,
 And, hushed in silent soft repose,
 Attend a while, and you shall hear,
 The pleasures which the hermit knows.
 When the rich mantle of the morn
 Begins its splendor to unfold,
 mark, upon the bending thorn,
 The lively dew-drop ting'd with gold.
 Forth from my lave I view the light,
 Rejoicing o'er the shades of night,

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H

While my fond thoughts with rapture roll,
 With all the energy of soul.

But when the cheerful day is gone,
 And darksome night moves slowly on,
 When with a melancholy grace,
 Pale Luna lifts her sober face,
 Then whispers soft some unknown power,
 'Tis Contemplation's fav'rite hour.

If chance the rainy torrent falls,
 And patters on my cottage walls,
 Secure I hear the tempest roar,
 And howl for entrance at the door :
 On the bright bow with joy I gaze,
 Where mimic diamonds seem to blaze.

If from the north stern winter blows
 His driving cataracts of snows,
 In dark'ning storms and tempests drest,
 Fair fancy drops her cherub wing,
 Reclines on April's dewy breast,
 And hails the symphony of spring.

When summer comes, with grandeur
 crown'd,

Dispensing light and glory round,
 I seek the heaven-aspiring hill,
 Or wander where the murmuring rill
 Rolls over fragrant beds of flowers,
 And there I pass the noon-tide hours.

Nor shall sweet autumn come in vain,
 'Tis then I count the studious train,
 Or haunt the muses' sacred grove,
 Where fancy's footsteps love to rove.

And when the trees stand dark and bare,
 No cheerful music warbling there,
 My breast with tender pity heaves,
 I read my fate in falling leaves.

O nature ! all-sufficient maid,
 Teach me thy won'drous works to read ;
 Inspire me with thy powerful aid,
 And tune with joy my simple reed.

The HERMIT.

A S O N G.

*From a Lover to his Mistress, upon her smiling
 soon after having shed tears.*

THE rose that weeps with morning
 dew,
 And glitters in the sunny ray,
 In tears and smiles resembles you,
 When love breaks sorrow's cloud away.
 The dews that bend the blushing flower,
 Enrich the scent—renew the glow ;
 So love's sweet tears exalt his pow'r,
 So bliss more brightly shines by wo !

The

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The HERMIT and WREN.

A SENTIMENTAL FABLE.

*Originally written several years since, to an opulent, learned, and eminent friend, who had retired into solitude, and to whose sentiments and situation it was thought applicable.**

PALEMON on a desert isle,
Fled public clamor guilt and toil;
Spontaneous nature gave him food,
Who spurn'd the cruel thirst of blood;
With no inflaming liquors curs'd,
The silver streamlet slak'd his thirst;
His days in meditation spent,
He hop'd in vain to find content.

One morn he trod a rocky plain,
That overlooks the boundless main;
The rising sun, with golden beam,
Seem'd dipping in the briny stream;
Fair shone the glossy surface o'er,
And ting'd the hills remote on shore.
A sail, it seem'd, he could descry,
In farthest verge of sea and sky;
He walk'd the height in tho't profound,
And view'd the ample scene around.

And now a wren engag'd his view,
Who to her callow nestlings flew,
And fed them, piteous of their cry,
An agonizing butterfly.
This wrung Palemon's tender breast,
Who thus the listening wren address'd:—

"Unfeeling bird, is this thy joy,
Thy fellow creatures to destroy;
To needless, feast thy callow train,
On members shiv'ring still with pain,
While luscious fruitage earth affords,
For summer's food and winter's hoards,
Thine is the range of all the plain,
And choice of all my stores contain;
Of this thy rapine, whence the cause,
This breach of nature's gentle laws?
Yet, though the harmless you destroy,
No guilty cares your peace annoy;
You sweetly warble on the spray,
And chaunt the jocund hours away,
And seem to hold, devoid of pain,
The happiness I've sought in vain.
Though science lent her fairest ray,
Though reason's son hath led my way,
Though virtue hath my soul inspir'd,
And common love my actions fir'd;
For while I tread life's busy round,
My soul no satisfaction found;
There virtue is an empty name,
And caprice holds the trump of fame;

* The author regrets that an unfinished copy of this fable has been published, some years since, still more incorrect, in his opinion, than the present one.

There slanders every tongue employ,
And friendship flatters to destroy,
Proud wittings modest worth deride,
And learning paints the plumes of pride;
Or men to vain researches bend,
To seek with toil the circle's end;
Religion proves all reasoning vain,
By unconcatenated chain;
And governments preclude desert,
While blind devotion kneels to art.

For honest calm, in bloom of age,
I left the fulsome busy stage,
To question with my soul apart,
Enjoy myself and mend my heart:
And here three lonely years have spent,
Nor 'scap'd the fiend of discontent.
Is reason, studiously refin'd,
But given to discompose the mind?"

The wren, vivacious, chirp, and gay,
Responsive said, or seem'd to say—
"Though held to mute attention long,
Thy partial reas'ning moves my tongue:
Nature, I grant, hath bless'd our plains
With luscious fruits, and wholesome grains,
The sweetest of thy dainties rare,
I from thy tender bounty share;
Who near thy own my house hast rear'd,
And kept me with a kind regard:
But fruits alone are not the food,
Adapted to my tender brood;
He who with fruits supplies our need,
On various creatures bids us feed,
And prompts us to select the right,
By instinct and by appetite;
Bids each his sustenance pursue,
With form adapted thereunto.

The hawk's tremendous fangs and beak,
His prowling appetite bespeak;
The howling wolf, with deathful jaws,
The panther's horrid teeth and claws.
Yet all whereon each creature lives,
The universal Father gives;
Though you and I the sufferers are,
Self-preservation be our care.
He who can fathom nature's laws,
May tax the universal cause.

Your gentle heart hath rightly chose,
All wanton slaughter to oppose;
But nature flesh and fruits has blest,
And both in reason suits you best.

The fates all animals ordain
To die, and many to be slain.
This prov'd, on every larger kind
You by your grosser optics find:
But had you my more subtil eye,
Minuter objects to descry,
What varied swarms would strike your view,
What evidence would teem anew;
No rising tide the margin laves,
But drowns whole millions in its waves.

Nor

Nor falling nut the forests yield,
Nor shining fruitage of the field,
Shook off by zephyr's gentle breath,
But crushes some to instant death.

To shun all slaughter dost thou think?
Then stir not hence, nor eat nor drink,
Lest thousands die beneath thy tread,
Lest death at every motion spread;
Eat not the plum, the grape, the pear,
Their habitants humanely spare,
Nor let the stream thy thirst supply,
Lest in the draught an hundred die.
Reverse the order nature gave,
And starve thyself their lives to save.

The hidden reason wouldst thou see,
Why fortune showers her bliss on me?
Why I the happiness attain,
That wiser thou hast sought in vain.
Contentment cheers my humble way,
By no ambition led astray;
That restless fire, that various blaze,
That into mad confusion strays,
That trifles vain too deep explores,
And from its sphere eccentric soars.

My mate, the dearest of the throng,
Improves my joy and aids my song;
We seek out food, attend our young,
And freely chaunt the groves among.
The little toil that nature claims,
Does but invigorate our frames;
No useless cares our peace destroy,
That still the human kind annoy;
Yet they who scorn our humble state,
Exclusive reason arrogate.

And though you have, with noble mind,
Shun'd many errors of your kind,
Yet studies have your soul deprest,
And made you wretched o'er the rest.
Had you a lab'ring hind been rear'd,
Nor wealth, nor baneful grandeur shar'd,
You might, in humble thoughtless way,
Have plodded out your peaceful day;
Or useful acquisition made
Of science in the rural shade;
And free from high ambitious strife,
Have prov'd the tender joys of life:
But grandeur fails, with science join'd,
To happy a modest mind,
Lost to the humble sweets of life,
Among the vain at fruitless strife;
By few devoid of interest priz'd;
For singularity despis'd;
The tedious melancholy day,
To torpid indolence a prey.

From ills innum'ed such as those,
A sad relief you here have chose;
To shun the vain, the worthless crew,
You have forsook the virtuous few;
To be from common errors freed,
Have shun'd the means of virtuous deed

To live recluse from public strife,
Have shun'd all social joys of life;
Your mind to melancholy prone,
Small recreation here hath known;
And fed on fruits three tedious years,
Your frame a skeleton appears.

You who the laws of nature plead,
Her plainest characters misread,
Else by your form you might define,
You deviate from your true design:
And he who from his orbit strays,
In painful penance wastes his days.

Were man for solitude design'd,
Then why his social gifts of mind?
His oral pow'rs, his various frame,
His social agency proclaim;
Temper'd and organiz'd to prove
The melting joys of gentle love;
With variable visage blest,
Where every passion is express'd,
And eye all eloquent t' impart
Each emanation of the heart.

If his formation were design'd
For labours merely of the mind,
Why did the Architect divine
In him such useful members join?
Who slight this hint, in spite of pride,
From real comfort wander wide;
Nor frame nor mind, is blest in sloth,
'Tis action vigorates them both;
What though inactive some you find,
Whose lucubrations light mankind;
Long painful days and nights are their's,
Unlike the joy the lab'rer shares.

Then wouldst thou wish for comfort's ray,
To cheer the remnant of thy day,
With yonder vessel skim the main,
To social life return again;
There seek thee out an humble seat,
Remote from circles of the great,
With just enough of fruitful land
For cultivation of thine hand;
The neighbours, sociably inclin'd,
Of gentle and industrious kind,
From these select a virtuous fair,
Thy joys and toils of life to share,
Whose mind thy prudent tho'ts approve,
Whose modest charms inspire thy love;
Connubial comforts wisely taste,
While yet their dearest season last.

Domestic joys and cares you'll prove,
Will vapours of the brain remove;
Of flesh and fruits partake the best,
Your toil will mod'rate meals digest,
Dispel by night each troubled dream,
And but a recreation seem,
For human labour need be small,
To answer nature's every call,
Were man to reason's standard brought,
And real comfort wisely sought.

So shall your studious hours succeed,
From clouds of melancholy freed,
Unvext with metaphysic flight,
To reason out of reason's sight;
Contemning needless search abstruse,
And prizing science but for use;
Thy soul unbiggoted, unaw'd,
Successful seek the parent God;
Nor dull theories tire thy brain,
To thee an irksome fullsome train;
Nor toils of pride, nor follies strife,
That waste the little span of life.

So shall thou glide in social ease,
Along the humble vale of peace;
From scenes of courtly art retir'd,
By simple virtue be admir'd;
Thy spouse shall every art employ,
To soothe thy cares, to crown thy joy;
With fortitude together bear,
Such ills as human kind must share;
Together shall your ravish'd eyes
Behold your hopeful offspring rise,
Together blest with many days,
You'll steal to rest by slow decays."

Here ceas'd the strain. The sage reclin'd,
And thus he question'd with his mind—
"Vain pomp and state I've long deny'd,
As bart'ring happiness for pride;
False learning dark, fastidious, vain,
I've found true useful reasons bane.
Yet by their wildering maxims taught,
A false relief I've idly sought;
They blind our course through life's dark
maze,

Like candle-light 'mid luna's rays,
We seek o'er fairy lands astray,
For bliss that borders on our way.
They spurn the life that crowns the swain,
Sweet, healthful, simple, social, plain,
On pompous art our minds engage,
And foil our view of nature's page,
That scarce a tint can meet the eye,
But through the mirror they apply.
And am I thus from error's night,
By nature's simplest child set right?

Dame nature leads her children dear,
Each wisely round his proper sphere,
And soundest lessons there impart,
In silent language to the heart:
'Twas not the wren I seem'd to hear,
'Twas reason 'woke the mental ear;
'Tis nature beckons me away,
And lo her summons I obey."

He said, and wav'd a signal high,
And soon the gallant ship drew nigh;
In her his native shore he sought,
And took the measures lately taught;
His tranquil pleasures never cloy'd,
Not AGLAUS more content enjoy'd.

H O M O .

Extracted for the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

CHILD of the melancholy song!
O yet that tender strain prolong!
Her lengthen'd shade, when ev'ning flings,
From mountain-cliffs and forest green,
And sailing slow on silent wings
Along the glimm'ring west is seen;
I love o'er pathless hills to stray,
Or trace the winding vale remote,
And pause, sweet bird! to hear thy lay
While moon-beams on the thin clouds
float,

Till o'er the mountain's dewy head
Pale midnight steals to wake the dead.

Far through the heav'n's ætherial blue,
Wafted on spring's light airs you come
With blooms, and flow'rs, and genial dew,
From climes where summer joys to
roam,

O, welcome to your long lost home!

"Child of the melancholy song!"

Who lov'st the lonely woodland-glade

To mourn, unseen, the boughs among.

When twilight spreads her pensive shade,
Again thy dulcet voice I hail!

O, pour again the liquid note

That dies upon the ev'ning gale!

For fancy loves the kindred tone;

Her griefs the plaintive accents own.

She loves to hear thy music float

At solemn midnight's stillest hour,

And think on friends forever lost,

On joys by disappointment crost,

And weep a new love's charming pow'r!

Then mem'ry wakes the magic smile,

Th' impassion'd voice, the melting eye,

That won't the trusting heart beguile.

And wakes again the hopeless sigh!

Her skill the glowing tints revive

Of scenes that time had bade decay;

She bids the soften'd passions live—

The passions urge again their sway.

Yet o'er the long regretted scene

Thy song the grace of sorrow throws;

A melancholy charm serene,

More rare than all that mirth bestows.

Then hail, sweet bird! and hail thy pen-
sive tear!

To taste, to fancy, and to virtue, dear!

MOTTO for a WATCH.

HOW short a span
Is life, O man!

Then why so fond of pleasure?

In time lay by,

'Gainst 'ternity,

A fund of lasting treasure.

MONTHLY

MONTHLY GAZETTE.

Summary of Foreign Intelligence.

G E R M A N Y.

FRANKFORT, July 20.

THE French at Rheingheim, Oggerheim, and Kirchheim, are threatening every where to break through and make a descent.

Prince Hohenloe is at Pforzheim, near Worms. The greatest part of the magazines of Frahenthal and Lautorn are lost. A most violent cannonade has been heard during the whole of this morning. The Prussians have lost a great many men all along their line, without recovering their generals Schladem, Voss and Ruchell, who are wounded. Schladem, Mannstem, and Romberg, suffered most—Upwards of a hundred Prussian officers are either killed or wounded. Had the Prussians attempted to have maintained Lautern, they would have risked a loss of 20,000 men, and of being cut off.

Dutch Brabant, Bois le Duc. The governor of our city having received orders to put the place in a state of defence, has ordered all the sluices to be opened to effect an inundation—This measure has succeeded partially, the want of rain having left the waters very low—The same attempt has been made with as little success, at Heuden, Capelle, and Breda.

H O L L A N D.

FLUSHING, July 28. The French, for these two or three days, have been in the neighbourhood of Sluys, without coming near enough to the town to be annoyed by the garrison; but this morning it seems, they began in earnest their labour, the effect of which was the complete routing of all the Dutch troops that were placed both there and in this place, with batteries at the entrance of the opposite side of the Scheldt.

Their retreat was cut off from Sluys, so that they were obliged to fly to this place, where they arrived at four o'clock this morning. We discern very plainly the Carmagnols working at the batteries, which they attempt to construct all along the shore: a Dutch armed brig has been all the morning firing at them, and they return the fire.

Yesterday we saw very distinctly from this place across the water, which is only

four miles, a very large body of the French horse and foot marching for Sluys: this was about a quarter past 9 o'clock. About 12 a very heavy cannonade commenced; the result no one here is acquainted with: The French were about 10,000 according to the best judges. The Mynheers began to examine their guns upon the ramparts, and a brig in the offing fired at the Carmagnols as they passed along the Sands.—Sir S. Smith and Lord Moira are here—There are 400 pieces of brass cannon in Sluys; but there are not 2000 men to defend it. We seem all panic struck and every place given up; for as the French passed over the plain, they took a fort mounted with 50 pieces of cannon with only 12 shot fired.

E N G L A N D.

LONDON.

All the accounts that have been received from the continent concur in stating that the French are collecting an immense force in the Netherlands for the purpose of invading Holland—The defence of that republic will most probably be undertaken by the Dutch and British troops only.—The successes of the French on the Rhine are so complete, that Frankfort, Mannheim, and Mentz are in danger, and several of the inhabitants have retired with their effects: Others, who were preparing to follow their example, have been prevented by a proclamation issued by the French General, who promises that no one shall be molested in his property.

The attack which the French lately made upon the Prussians in the neighbourhood of Kaiserlautern was perhaps the most desperate and bloody of the whole campaign.—They followed it up from the 9th of the month, day after day, till Sunday the 13th, from which time, till Wednesday, following, the Prussians had not a moment's respite, day or night. The numbers of the French increased to 180,000 at least, and in their larger attack they rushed up to the Prussian cannon, with as much indifference as if they had not been loaded, carrying the whole at the point of the bayonet, killing or wounding every artillery officer, except one, and almost completely annihilating the Prussian army.

Letters

Letters from Stockholm mention, that there has been a warm dispute between the Russians and Swedes near Swensfund, on an attempt by the latter to raise a small fortification. The Russians contended, that the territory belonged to them. It does not appear that any blood was spilt upon the occasion.

The French are said to have marched into Antwerp at 3 o'clock, P. M. on Wednesday the 23d ult. The Duke of York marched from it nearly about the same time. There is an account received by the way of Frankfort, that Landrecy surrendered to the French on the 14th of last month.

The French have a garrison of 3000 men at Nieuport—at Ostend they have only 2000; but at Ghislé, near Ostend, they have a camp of about 4000.

Dispatches from the Hague have lately been received at the Dutch Ambassador's, which, it is said, are not of the most consoling nature.

The French forces destined to act against Holland consists of about 80,000 men. The combined armies under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, are only 42,000 strong, of which 18,000 are British; but a communication will be observed between them and the Dutch troops, commanded by the Prince of Orange. It appears by the last advices from the British army, that they were expected to march in a day or two from the neighbourhood of Breda, in order to take an advantageous position between Bois le Duc and the river Scheyke.

Since the fall of Robespierre we have no accounts of executions in Paris, except those members of the commune, and officers of police, who abetted him in resisting the decree of accusation. The long lists of convictions by the Revolutionary Tribunal, were some days prior to the execution of Robespierre.

FRANCE.

Decapitation of Robespierre, &c.

PARIS, July 30. The day before yesterday were led to the place of execution, and executed, the following persons, viz. Maximilian Robespierre, aged 35. He had defended himself in a fracas, which had happened in the commune, with a knife, which took off one half of his face, after which he was carried to the Convention, and was refused to be admitted; he was then sent to the prison of the Conciergerie where he was detained until his execution—his head was shewn to the people.

The brother of Robespierre, who had broken both his legs, as he attempted to escape.

Couthon, aged 38. St. Just, 26. General La Valette. Dumas, President of the Revolutionary Tribune—his head was shewn to the people.

Fleuriot, the mayor of Paris. Fayen, a national agent; and twelve members of the Commune of Paris.

The very remarkable circumstances which occasioned the downfall of Robespierre, who had arrived at the supreme power by the most cruel and bloody means, deserves a particular detail. It is observable, however, that the principal cause of that extraordinary event, is yet buried under the veil of darkness.

The committee of public safety, composed of Robespierre and his adherents, had possessed themselves of the sovereign power, and exercised it with unheard of tyranny; a tyranny to which the convention itself was no proof. No deputy dare express his sentiments freely, without being immediately threatened with prison or death. This occasioned a general dissatisfaction, which produced a secret coalition of several members of the committee of public safety itself. Collot d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes, who felt themselves oppressed by Robespierre, resolved, supported by a great number of the members of the Convention, to oppose the further progress of this new Cromwell.

To support himself against so powerful a party, Robespierre sought assistance with the Jacobins, in behalf of himself and partisans; and the whole club appeared at the bar of the Convention on the 25th, and informed them of their fears respecting the new intrigues carried on by foreigners, to annihilate the revolution, to calumniate the most sincere patriots, to divide them among themselves, and make the decrees of the Convention suspected, especially that which acknowledges the existence of a Supreme Being. All this had not the effect which Robespierre had expected.

On the 26th Robespierre mounted the rostrum. He made a long speech on the revolution, in which he endeavoured to justify himself of the views which were imputed to him of aspiring at the dictatorship—He said, that ever since he had lately proclaimed the existence of a Supreme Being, the partizans of Herbert and Danton had been let loose upon him. He likewise strove to justify himself of the report which had been spread of his wishing to get 30 more members of the Convention

vention guillotined. He added, that the Committee of Public Safety and *Surveillance* were the two pillars of liberty; but that the majority were often destroyed, and that some were endeavouring to give another form to the Republic. The decree against the English had never been executed—The system of Dumourier was observed in the low countries—Trees of liberty were planted every where—that it was urgent to suffer the small ramifications to sprout out; but that it was of the utmost importance to watch them closely. Freron replied, “when we wish to give birth to liberty, the freedom of speech ought to be established; who would dare to speak freely, if he were constantly surrounded by the fear of being arrested?”

Several emissaries of this new Cromwell were declared outlawed; and on the 25th in the evening, in the midst of acclamations of *Vive la Republique* fell the head of Robespierre.

NEW POLICE OF FRANCE.

NATIONAL CONVENTION, Aug. 5.
CAMEON, after exposing the arts by which the tyrant ROBESPIERRE, aided by the *Jacobins*, had continued to accumulate all power in the hands of the committee of Public Safety; and shewing the errors in the organization of the various committees, presented the following decree, which was adopted by the Convention.

DECREE, &c.

ARTICLE I. The Committee of Public Safety shall assume the name of “*The Central Committee of Government*.” It shall be composed of twelve members, to be renewed every month, and not eligible again till after the interval of a month.

II. This committee shall be under the direct inspection of the “*Commission of Foreign Affairs*,” and cannot dispose of any of the public funds except for the secret services of government. For this purpose it shall have upon the national treasury a credit of ten millions. The credit which it had formerly, and is hitherto unemployed, is hereby withdrawn.

III. The committee of Surety and Superintendence, shall take the name of “*The Committee of the General Police of the Republic*.” It shall consist of fifteen members. It shall, independently of the Convention, have alone the power of arresting citizens. For issuing warrants of arrest against public functionaries, it shall act in concert with the committee charged with the superintendence of the administration

to which such functionary may belong.

IV. It shall neither send to trial those who have been arrested, nor liberate those sentenced by the Popular Commissions without being in concert with the Central Committee of Government.

V. The Commission of Civil Affairs of Police, and the tribunals, shall make to it a daily report of the police and the interior security of the republic.

VI. It shall have under its immediate inspection, the Police and armed force of Paris, the Revolutionary Tribunal, the Committees of Superintendence of the Republic, and the Popular Commissions.

VII. The National Treasury shall credit it for nine hundred thousand livres, for extraordinary and secret expenses.

VIII. A fifth part of the members of the committee shall be changed every month, and not re-eligible till the interval of one month.

IX. All other committees, or commissions of the Convention, now in existence, are abolished.

X. The following twelve committees shall be established:—

1. One to superintend the Commission of Agriculture and Arts, composed of five members.
2. One to superintend the Commission of Public Instruction, to consist of five members.
3. To superintend the Commission of Commerce and Provisions, five members.
4. To superintend the Commission of Expresses, Post-Offices, and Post-Houses, five members.
5. To superintend the Commission of Arms and Powder, six members.
6. To superintend the Commission of the movement of the Armies, six members.
7. To superintend the Commission of the Marine and Colonies, five members.
8. To superintend the Committee of Public Succour, five members.
9. To superintend the Commission of Public Works, five members.
10. For the superintendence of the public expenses and revenues, there shall be four sections:—the first, consisting of five members, shall superintend the Commission of the Public Treasury; the second of ten members, the national revenues; the third of ten members, the general liquidation; and the fourth of ten members, the office of accounts.
11. A Committee of Legislation, composed of fifteen members, which shall have the superintendence of the Commission of civil Administrations, the Police and Tribunals,

Tribunals, according to the report of the Tribunals and Administrative Bodies, shall be charged with the revision and classification of the laws, and the details respecting the territorial divisions of the Republic.

12. A Committee of Inspectors of the Procès-Verbeaux, consisting of fifteen members, is charged with superintending the transcription of the Acts of the Convention in its offices and archives, the National Press, and the Commission of Civil Administrations.

ART. XI. There shall also be a Committee of Inspectors of the Hall, composed of fifteen members, exclusively, charged with the Police within the limits of the Convention, the Committees, and the National Garden. It shall regulate the expenses of the National Convention and its archives, as well as those of the Committees, also the travelling expenses of the Representatives of the People sent to the departments, or the armies.

XII. It shall verify and adjust the accounts relative to the aforesaid expenses; and the resolution of that Committee, declaring its verification of the expenses of the Representatives of the People, amounting to such a sum, shall be allowed as an admission of that account.

XIII. The National Treasury shall give it credit for three millions, to be employed in such expenses in the aforesaid payments; and all former credit, hitherto unemployed, is withdrawn.

XIV. Every Executive Commission shall give a daily account of its proceedings to the Committee charged with its inspection, and shall propose to it the difficulties to be surmounted, and the means of removing them. It shall also submit, for the approbation of the Committee, the agents nominated for the execution of its order.

XV. The Commissioners shall every day lay before the Committee for inspecting the Public Expenditure and Revenue, a detailed account of the expenses incurred in the course of the day.

XVI. The Committees shall directly propose to the Convention, all legislative objects, after having previously communicated them to the Central Committee of Government. They shall concert with that Committee through the medium of one of its members, who shall be charged to report the executive objects discussed in the Committee.

XVII. All executive objects shall be definitely settled by the Central Committee of Government, which shall be responsible

for the resolutions it may take. These resolutions shall be signed by at least six members of the Central Committee, and by the Commissioner of the Committee who shall make the report. The resolutions shall be sent to be executed by the Commissions, and an account of them shall then be laid before the Convention.

XVIII. Should there be any difference of opinion in the Central Committee of Government, the affairs to be discussed and decided by a meeting composed of one Commissioner from each of the Committees.

XIX. In cases of urgency, where expedition is required, the Central Committee of Government may call upon one or more of the Committee charged with the superintendence of the matter in question, and the result of their deliberation shall be carried into execution. But the members who shall assist in such deliberations, shall make an immediate report of it to the General Committee.

XX. The Convention shall itself nominate the Representatives of the People to be sent on any commission, the Generals, the members of the Executive Commission, the members of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and Popular Commissions, on the proposition of the Central Committee of Government, united with the Committee charged with what relates to that particular object.

XXI. The National Convention alone has power to recall the Representatives of the People sent upon commission. The Central Committee of Government, in concert with the Committee charged with that particular affair, may remove the Generals, the members of the Executive Commissions, and other public functionaries, of which a report is to be made to the Convention.

XXII. All the Committees shall have a fifth of their members changed every month.

XXIII. All the Committees and Commissions within the Convention shall continue to exercise their functions till the Committees that are to replace them are perfectly organized.

The Committee of *Public Welfare* at Paris is now composed of the following persons: Barrere, Lolloi, Tallien, Thuriot, Collet D'Horbois, Treithard, Billaud, Varrenes, Carnot, Eschechrau, sen. Prieur, Braid, and Lindet,

The domestic occurrences of this month are unavoidably omitted.